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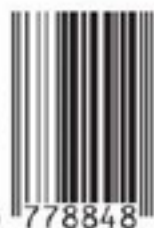
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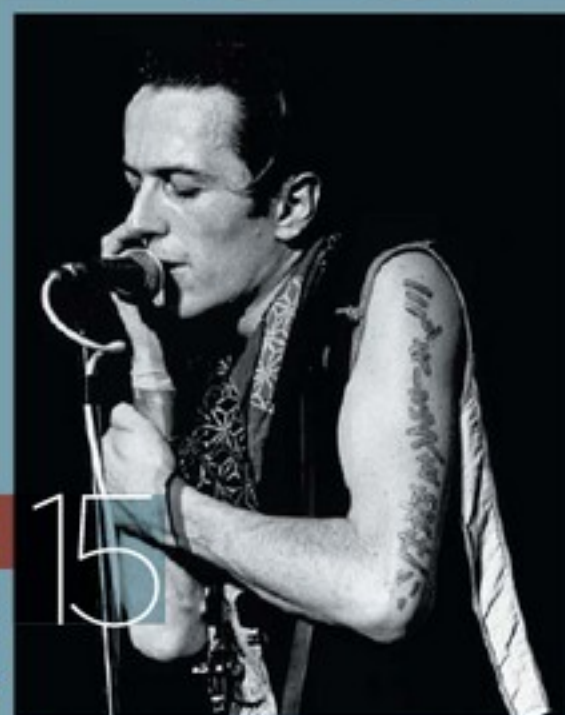
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CORRECTION
In connection with an article mentioning *Survivor* contestant Jenna Lewis, *Penthouse* erroneously published on pages 97 and 102 of its May 2007 issue two photographs of *Survivor* winner Jenna Morasca. Ms. Morasca had no connection or involvement whatsoever with the publication of the article or its subject matter. *Penthouse* regrets the error and any inconvenience it caused.

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A comprehensive guide to showing your bachelor buds the time of their lives. Plus, a weekend with Mr. Vegas.
By A. J. Daulerio





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*—George Thomas
Towson Watch Company*

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W

e've all been there: the overpriced steaks, the high expectations, the same bored girls grinding out the same fake



JANA

threesome they did at your *other* buddy's bachelor party. (And they weren't any more convincing this time.) Even the guests were the same: the puker, the psycho, and the guy who is happy to provide a detailed account of exactly who did what to whom as soon as a bridesmaid asks.

Let's face it, the bachelor party has fallen into a bit of a rut—just a time-honored tradition that has collapsed under the weight of conformity and lame-ass party planning. Good thing we're here to let you in on some brilliant alternatives. Now, guys are sending their friends off to wedded bliss with something beyond the usual fare: There's still the requisite debauchery, and you're still going to have to deprogram the narc before the party is over—only now he'll be tattling about the weekend in Iceland, or the trip to the hunting lodge, or the weekend you built around the Colts playoff game.



PHIL

This month we tell you how to build the perfect bachelor party, with destinations, ideas, and advice. It has everything you need, and lots of stuff you don't, including Phil Stamper. Phil's a former field-goal kicker who landed in Las Vegas, got himself acquainted with every doorman, stripper, and shadowy fixer type on the Strip, and now earns a living making sure guys like you hit Sin City like you're Lil' Jon at Mardi Gras. The fun starts on page 118.

Careful readers will remember that last month we introduced the Big Rip, a perforated centerfold with our usual stunning Pet of the Month photo on one side and a slightly more modest version on the other. We never thought of ourselves as interior decorators, but that's not going to stop us from dispensing advice on how to spruce up your workspace. Whether it's a corner office, a dorm room, a bland beige cubicle, or the cab of a Humvee barreling through Fallujah, it should reflect your good taste. So we invite you to rip out the centerfold—this month, the lovely young Texan named Jana—and, providing it doesn't alarm your coworkers, hang up the more modest side in your work area. Then, just snap a picture of your new-and-improved space and send it in to us at thebigrip@pmgi.com.* We'll publish our favorites in an upcoming issue. Enjoy. 

THE BACHELOR PARTY HAS FALLEN INTO A RUT—JUST A TIME-HONORED TRADITION THAT HAS COLLAPSED UNDER THE WEIGHT OF CONFORMITY AND LAME-ASS PARTY PLANNING.

Mark Healy
Editor in Chief



A Totally New Experience.

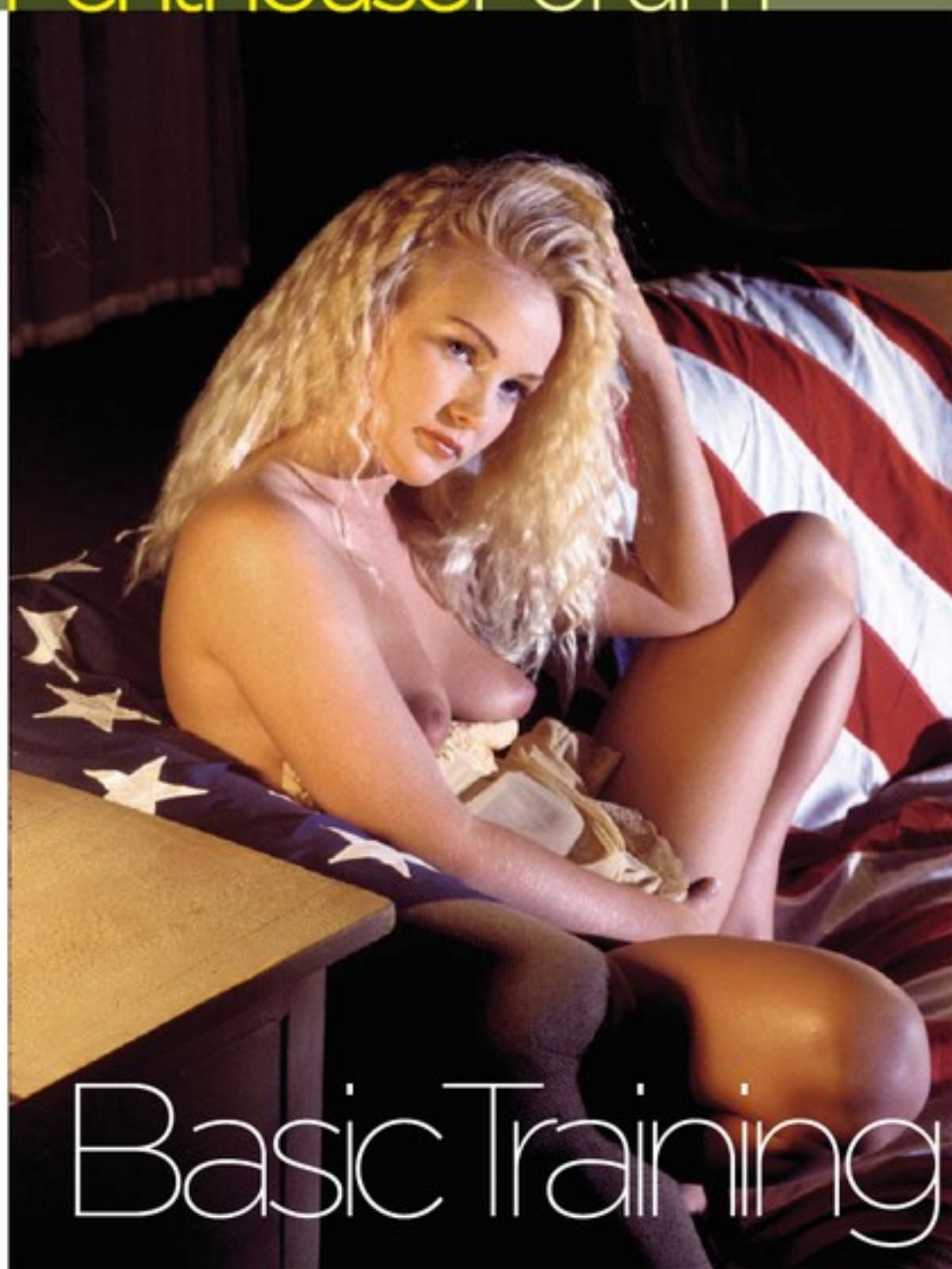
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Basic Training

When I arrived in Iraq to fill out a unit that was short of medics, I was assigned to the night shift as the NCOIC, non-commissioned officer in charge. I thought it would be boring, but I loved it. The nights weren't too hot and unless someone actually needed medical attention, I had time to do paperwork and hang out with Dawn, the other medic on duty.

Dawn's a full-figured blonde, about five foot five, with green eyes, perpetually erect nipples, and an incredible round ass that's way too fine to be hidden under camouflage pants. Coming or going, she's sexy enough to drive any man to distraction.

"What's up, Steve?" she asked as she walked into my office. Dawn always kept me company when she had nothing to do, so we got to know each other pretty well. We talked about everything, even personal stuff, so I knew that it had been some time since either of us had been laid. What

happened next was bound to happen sooner or later.

"Nothing but paperwork," I said. She came around and took her usual seat on the edge of the desk to watch me type some reports.

"You spelled *amoxicillin* wrong," she said.

"Where?" I asked.

"Right there," she said, leaning close and pointing at the screen. I thought I smelled sandalwood as her tits grazed my forearm, sending a wake-up call to my johnson.

"Thanks," I said. She moved behind me and began working the kinks out of my shoulders—and caused my cock to pitch a tent in my pants.

"You really need to unwind," she said. I took a deep breath and her

scent surrounded me like a soft blanket. My cock grew even harder. I turned, intending to put an end to the exquisite torture, and our eyes locked. I felt a surge of desire flow between us as we moved closer for a heated kiss. With our mouths still fused together, I freed Dawn's shirt from her pants as she unbuttoned mine. We stopped kissing long enough for me to pull off her shirt. She had on a sports bra and I pulled that off, too. She had the most impressive tits I'd ever seen, and I finally got to fondle them and suck on her perky nipples.

I unbuttoned her pants and pulled them down. She stepped out of them and turned to face the desk. I came up behind her and slowly slid her panties down, admiring and kissing her fine ass in the flesh. I placed my hand on her back and leaned her over the desk, then held my cock and rubbed the head against her pussy. Dawn moaned and wiggled against me, trying to get my dick inside her.

"Stop teasing and fuck me, Steve!" she hissed. "I've waited long enough!" I grabbed her hips and penetrated her in one swift thrust. "That's it, baby!" she cried out.

I took great pleasure in watching my cock slowly glide in and out of her, until Dawn said, "Harder, Steve. Faster!"

I picked up the pace and Dawn pushed back to meet my every thrust. It took only a few more strokes before we both started to come. I jammed my cock into her pussy and held myself inside her while I grunted and pumped a few months' worth of come into her. I ran my hands up and down her back and rained kisses on her neck before letting her go. Still breathing hard, she turned to face me.

"Do you know how long I've wanted to fuck you?" I asked.

"I have an idea," she said. "Why do you think I finally decided to make the first move? Guys can be so clueless!" We kissed, then she got dressed.

"I still have to finish these reports, but then I'm off-duty and I can stop by your trailer," I offered.

"I can't wait," she said. "Then I can give you a full-body massage!"—

Name and address withheld

More letters on page 144

SHE STEPPED OUT OF HER PANTS. I CAME UP BEHIND HER AND SLID HER PANTIES DOWN.

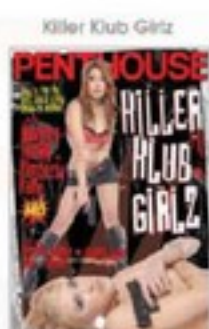
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THE LINEUP

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The Summer of Strummer

It's been five years since the death of the Clash's iconic lead singer, and writers and filmmakers are beginning to take a serious look back. You should, too.

By Douglas Wolk Photographs by Pennie Smith

When 50-year-old John Mellor died in 2002 from an undiagnosed congenital heart defect, his greatest creation died with him. Mellor's alter ego was Joe Strummer, the singer/guitarist who infused the incendiary, seminal punk band the Clash with not just its soul, but its political bite. He was a liberation-minded rebel who longed to topple the kings of rock 'n' roll, until he became one himself and his self-destructive behavior nearly destroyed his career. But this summer, Strummer's ghost returns. It's time you get to know the man who altered the arc of modern music with the Clash's political anthems and his meshing together of two distinct styles—punk and reggae.

The Strummer fest kicked off with journalist Chris Salewicz's hefty biography, *Redemption Song: The Ballad of Joe Strummer*. The music scribe spent the past few years digging up telling details about the singer's entire life (although a third of the book's 640 pages are devoted to the Clash years of 1976–1983) and determined that Strummer was a blessed fuck-up. According to Salewicz, Strummer's musical gifts were all but overshadowed by his habitual skirt chasing, prodigious pot smoking, and limitless capacity for self-sabotage. After the Clash imploded in 1986, in one of rock's most acrimonious breakups, he spent more than a decade mired in depression. But in his later years, he enjoyed a

renaissance period when he formed the Mescaleros, hosted a series of "Strummerville" campfires at outdoor festivals, and reunited onstage with his Clash partner Mick Jones just weeks before his death.

The other major project is Julien Temple's documentary, *Joe Strummer: The Future Is Unwritten*. It has already debuted in England and is poised to hit our shores in September. The film covers the same territory as Salewicz's book, but it does so less winningly. Temple resorts to gimmickry (like corny animations of Strummer's doodles) to represent the less-documented years before and after the Clash, and he rarely lets entire performances speak for themselves. The interviews with the musician's contemporaries, shot around a Strummerville-style fire, are a nice touch, but most of them simply don't have a lot to say.

Yet surprisingly, the soundtrack to *The Future Is Unwritten* is a small, rough gem. It's split between

Strummer infused the incendiary, seminal punk band the Clash with not just its soul, but its political bite.

unreleased Strummer nuggets that span his entire career and a batch of his favorite songs by other artists (including Rachid Taha's Arabic-language cover of the Clash's "Rock the Casbah"), complete with Strummer's on-air introductions from his BBC World Service radio show. Despite all the snobbish rhetoric about 1977, punk's "year zero"—when the Sex Pistols, the Damned, the Buzzcocks, and the Clash exploded worldwide—Strummer was an open-eared, adventurous music fan, and he remained that way. The disc reflects this, drawing connections between his work and its sources: U-Roy's deejay reggae, Eddie Cochran's rockabilly, and Nina Simone's deep soul all point toward Clash classics like *London Calling* and *Combat Rock*.

This summer of Strummer also includes another Clash best-of, *The Singles*. It's on par with *The Essential Clash*, released in 2003, but its chronology has been shuffled for maximum pogo-dancing fun. *The Singles* is ideal for Clash newcomers, or for those who haven't gotten around to making their own best-of playlist.

This year isn't the end of the road for Strummer. Antonino D'Ambrosio is working on a documentary, due next year, based on his book *Let Fury Have the Hour: The Punk Rock Politics of Joe Strummer*, and Radio 4 has already signed on for the score. Clearly, legends like this don't go softly into the good night. **C—**

THE ESSENTIALS

The Clash: *The Clash* (Epic, 1979)

The wildly different 1977 British version of their debut is also in print, but the later U.S. revision has the edge, incorporating furious singles like "Complete Control" and "White Man in Hammersmith Palais."

The Clash: *London Calling* (Epic, 1979)

As militantly political as ever, by now they'd moved past the "phony Beatlemania" of first-wave punk, discovered their roots, and become a supremely graceful and flexible rock 'n' roll band.

The Clash: *Sandinista* (Epic, 1980)

This overwhelming 36-song smorgasbord throws everything at the listener to see what sticks: not just punk and reggae, but hip-hop, rockabilly, waltz, gospel...

Joe Strummer & the Mescaleros: *Globala Go-Go* (Hellcat, 2001)

Go-Go is a passionate, quirky argument for panculturalism, drawing on Strummer's fervor for music from the developing world and culminating in a lilting, moody 18-minute instrumental.

Joe Strummer & the Mescaleros: *Streetcore* (Hellcat, 2003)

Strummer's final album, which was nearly complete at the time of his death, has the sound of an older and wiser activist looking back at his rabble-rousing younger years, and striving to recapture the vigor of his early work.



Q&A: T.I.

Hot Tip

Hip-hop's reigning King of the South is extending his empire to movies and fashion, and hoping to follow up his last monster hit with a summer sizzler that pits himself against his alter ego. By Anslem Samuel

Last year, T.I.'s *King* shattered the charts, killed the critics lists, and went platinum in a month. Now, the Atlanta rapper attempts to do it again with *T.I. vs. T.I.P.*, an album named for his alter ego and inspired by his friend Philant Johnson, who died in a gunfight last May. This time T.I.'s invited the big names to the party—from Jay-Z and Eminem to Andre 3000 and Akon—so expect this one to be hotter than ever.

Based on the album's title, it sounds like you're having some issues with your alter ego. How does T.I. differ from the persona inspired by your childhood nickname, T.I.P.?

T.I. is the guy I had to become to assume an executive position or just conduct my business on a professional level. T.I.P., I've always been. That's what my mama, uncles, and granddaddy used to call me: little badass T.I.P. I've always been that person, but in order to assume the levels of success that I thought I had opportunities to assume, I had to leave a piece of that shit behind and develop a new character.

How did you come up with it?

I came up with the concept right after *King*. My partner, Phil, said, "What are you going to do to top this?" I came to him with this idea—what if T.I. and T.I.P. did an album? Shortly after that, Phil

died. I didn't want to rap at all. I guess the shit was kind of killing me, man. But Phil came to me [in a dream] and told me, "Shit, dog! If you quit, I'll kill you!" So at that point, I had no choice.

How did you make the album come together under those conditions?

As time went on, more shit just starting coming around. I wasn't writing a story no more, wasn't making up no fiction shit. This shit was really happening to me. At first, I had to think of why T.I. and T.I.P. would not get along. And then, when I didn't want to do an album and then I decided to do an album, that was a conflict in itself. And me wanting to do certain things but having my partner die, and then me pulling myself back—that's another conflict right there. So this shit just started unraveling. And then from there, the music came easy.

Between your film debut in *ATL* and your platinum album *King*, 2006 was a huge year for you. How's it feel finally being king?

It really just feels like a lot of hard work paying off. This is what we set out to do. You know, halfway to this point we were setting new aspirations, so now we're just working toward those goals.

After losing to Ludacris last year, is a Grammy for Best Rap Album one of those goals?

I think everybody knows what the album of the year was last year. That ain't no question. I ain't trippin' on that. No disrespect to who won the Grammy, but the shit is unanimous. The shit is undeniable. If you ask him, he will probably tell you.

You're also in the upcoming *American Gangster*, with Denzel Washington. Have you had any training?

Nah, never! If I had a role that I felt I was going to need some help on, then I wouldn't hesitate to do that. Say, if I had to act like I was from London—for

that kind of shit, I would probably get a coach. But just for regular everyday shit? I don't need no help with that. I got it!

Do you think you'll ever decide to put down the mike and focus on acting? I foresee a point in my career where I will have to put down the mike, period! After 30, I could go any minute. I'm going to be playing it day to day at that point.

What do you think about the controversy surrounding rappers using words like "bitch" and "ho"?

If you ask me, Do you feel that rappers should take responsibility for the things they say?, I'd say yes! If you ask me, Do you think sometimes rappers can go too far?, I'd say sometimes, yeah! But if you ask me, Do you think rappers should be forced to take the words *bitch*, *nigga*, and *ho* out of their music?, I'd say no! Unless you're going to take the bitches, niggas, and ho's out of the neighborhoods that these rappers come from, you're not going to be able to take it out of their music.

What's at the root of the problem?

It's a society issue. It's not a hip-hop issue. This is the life we know, based on the way society has positioned us, and it is a known fact that we have been positioned in certain areas for certain reasons. You can't expect me to talk like you; you can't expect me to act like you. I grew up in a neighborhood where there was substandard education. So the fact that I could put on another hat and speak eloquently in a conversation, in a board meeting, in an executive's office, or wherever I need to straighten up and talk right, you should commend me for that—instead of condemning me because I have knowledge of a lifestyle that you know nothing about. You can't condemn me for where I came from. I didn't put myself in that situation. You got to go to the source. Let's start at the top and work our way down. You can't start at hip-hop and work your way up. All we do is tell it how it really is. If you don't like what we saying, you should change what we see.

"Unless you take
the bitches, niggas,
and ho's out of the
neighborhoods,
you're not going to
be able to take them
out of the music."



THE BIG PICTURE

AGAINST ME!

New Wave (Sire)

★★★★★



Punks love to hit the panic button when a band panders to the mainstream, and now they're pounding their fists on it. Against Me! used to be one of those bands scenesters would cite in obscurity showdowns, and their records were notoriously hard to find. All that's about to change. We're not saying they've lost their cool, but when your favorite anticapitalist band signs to a major label and enlists Butch Vig (the Garbage drummer behind Nirvana's *Nevermind* and the Smashing Pumpkins' *Siamese Dream*) to produce, well, it's high time to find a new "secret" band. But if you

can roll with the notion that gravel-voiced frontman Tom Gabel is now singing his expressive protest and redemption songs over big guitars and high-powered rock melodies, pat yourself on the back. They're going to sell more records—but if they give mainstream rock the passionate uppercut it deserves, is that so bad? *Penthouse* pick: "Thrash Unreal"

Against Me! used to be one of those bands scenesters would cite in obscurity showdowns. All that's about to change.



AGAINST ME! **NEW WAVE**

A BRIEF DISCOGRAPHY

What you've been missing



Reinventing Axl Rose
(No Idea, 2002)

This laid the groundwork for their calling card—smart, folk-punk lyrics backed by catchy rock melodies. *Penthouse* pick: "Baby, I'm an Anarchist!"



As the Eternal Cowboy
(Fat Wreck Chords, 2003)

They folded in a touch of country, but it was the amped-up production that alienated some fans. *Penthouse* pick: "Sink, Florida, Sink"



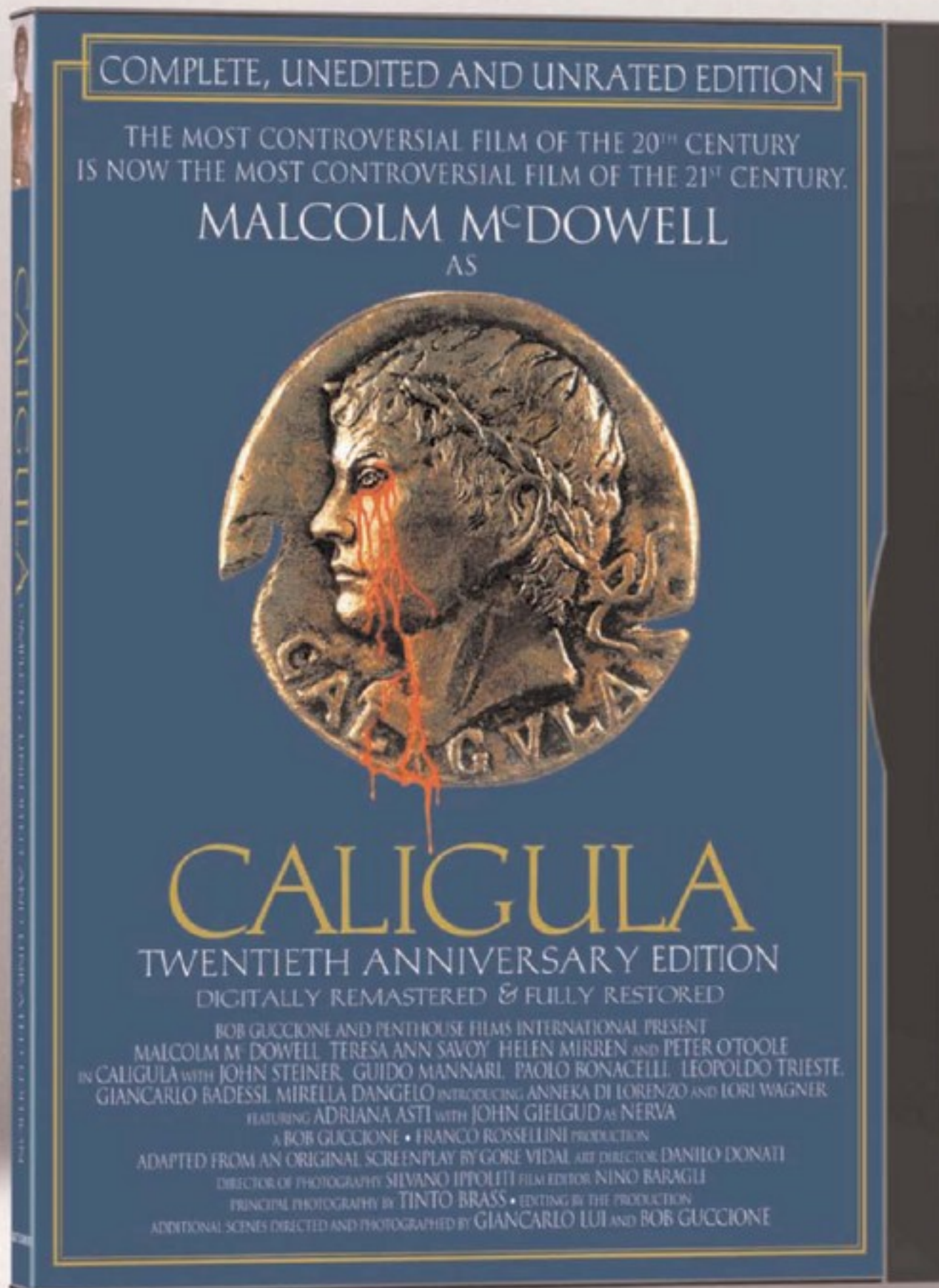
Searching for a Former Clarity
(Fat Wreck Chords, 2005)

Gabel was still ranting about the state of the union, but the vocals were less raw and the choruses were bigger than ever. *Penthouse* pick: "Miami"



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REVIEWS



UNDER THE RADAR

With producer Dan Le Sac's help, Scroobius Pip challenges the bad habits of music junkies (including obsessing over Radiohead).

SCROOBIUS PIP "Thou Shalt Always Kill"

Producer Dan Le Sac and spoken-word artist Scroobius Pip follow Gnarls Barkley's genius-collaboration lead to write the brash spoken-word single "Thou Shalt Always Kill," verbally annihilating everyone with an ounce of pop-culture loyalty—from those who think the Beatles are more than "just a band" to anyone who "shakes it like a Polaroid picture." You're bound to be guilty of breaking at least one of their commandments, but that only makes the song more fun. Though there's a slew of British pop-culture references within their buzz-worthy song—Stephen Fry or *Hollyoaks*, anyone?—we're sure you'll catch on quick, which is good,



because they're not likely to make an American version. The pair is in the studio working on a full-length, which will drop this fall. According to Scroobius, it's going to be packed with different genres—from punk to country to their unique style of hip-hop.



COMMON *Finding Forever* (Geffen)

★★★★
This lyrical magician is known for laying down his thoughts on love over jazzy beats instead of throwing out tough rhymes about bitches and bling. He doesn't betray his reputation on his newest, but he's moving in a more powerful and raw direction. Big, stomping tracks like "South Side," featuring Kanye West, should wake up any hip-hop fans who somehow slept through his last album.



THE MAGIC NUMBERS *Those the Brokes* (EMI)

★★★★
For their sophomore effort, these two sets of siblings pulled in jangly guitars, tambourines, and sweet, layered vocals to create a cheery rock sound with a heavy soulful sixties sensibility. Though the combination feels forced on a handful of tracks, the recipe is usually successful—even when lead singer Romeo Stodart tries to sing like Bob Dylan on "Carl's Song"—and gets sweeter with each listen.



SPOON *Ga Ga Ga Ga Ga* (Merge)

★★★
Spoon's last album, *Gimme Fiction*, might have been the highlight of their career—it was a well-crafted effort that sounded sexy and fresh. But this time around, they've pulled back on the rock and focused on Britt Daniel's nearly whispered stories, which are laid over dialed-down guitars.



INTERPOL *Our Love to Admire* (Capitol)

★★★
After dabbling in happiness on 2004's *Antics*, this New York band has descended back into darkness. But instead of sounding mopey, they manage to pull a Bowie, weaving reflective lyrics with a large, theatrical sound. As much as you may want to avoid Paul Banks's bitter, uneasy musings that could easily sink your mood, by the time the anthemic music sucks you in, it's too late to escape.



STEPHEN KELLOGG AND THE SIXERS *Glassjaw Boxer* (Everfine)

★★★
The Bright Eyes-meets-pop approach of these dudes from Massachusetts makes for pleasant, lazy-Sunday music. It may lean heavily on the singer-songwriter approach—a guy with an acoustic guitar waxing wistful about his life—but the country-tinged hooks make it easy to slip into Kellogg's romanticized world.

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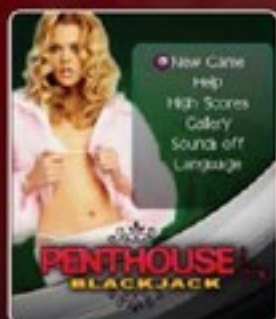
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Q&A

He's Superbad

Jonah Hill has won the Powerball jackpot of comedy with small roles in Judd Apatow's *The 40-Year-Old Virgin* and *Knocked Up*. Now, in *Superbad*, Hill is front and center.



Michael Cera, Jonah Hill, and Christopher Mintz-Plassé as *Superbad*'s supernerds

How was Conan O'Brien's show?
I was feeling pure terror because I was nervous. Luckily, I have good stories that my friends find amusing. Also, Judd Apatow was very helpful. He's good at working with people who are going on these shows. We wrote some possible stand-up material in case the interview didn't go well, but the people from Conan thought the stories were really funny. During the commercial breaks, he'd be saying I'm awesome, and I'm like, "You're awesome." He's just a cool dude who likes the same music as me.

What have you been working on?
I'm writing a movie for Universal that Judd is producing called *The Middle Child*. I play a first-born character who is an antisocial college student. The only time he's really happy is when he's home with his family. One day he comes home and there's a stranger sleeping in his bed. His parents explain that three years before he was born, they had a kid who they put up for adoption. The kid found them, and he's the kid they've always wanted. He's exactly like them. All my characters' friends like him way more than they like my character. He essentially replaces my character, so I start going through middle-child syndrome in my early twenties.

Is this a project for your friends?
Judd is producing, and it's written for Seth Rogen to play the older brother. I like to write for specific people. But nothing is official. I have a script deal at Universal, so whenever they want to make it, they'll make it. Call them up and tell them you want to see it.

What about directing?
I just directed a short film that I'm currently editing. In acting, because you don't always get the roles you want to play, you have to generate your own material, especially in comedy. The people who stay relevant—like Ben Stiller, Adam Sandler, Will Ferrell, and all the huge comedy stars—tend to write movies for themselves. It allows you to do it in your own voice.

You must feel a bit of privilege being in Apatow's crew.

Yeah, man. I feel so fortunate, it's nuts. I spoke to Judd after we showed *Superbad* in Austin and I said, "I can't believe I'm in this movie." If it were someone else's film, I'd be dying to see it. **OT—**

Can you explain the plot intricacies of *Superbad*?
It's basically Michael Cera and me in our final week of high school, trying to get alcohol for these girls we like. But Michael's character gets into Dartmouth and mine gets into a crappier school in our hometown. It becomes more about the decline of our friendship. It's about separation anxiety.

How fun was making this movie?
It was the most fun moviemaking experience I've ever had, and unfortunately will ever have, because so many of my friends were involved. Seth Rogen and Evan [Goldberg], who wrote it, are two of my best friends. Michael and I became really close friends. Bill Hader is a great friend of mine. And then there's Judd and Greg Mottola, the director. I would have hung out with those people for free.

You're also in *Evan Almighty*. How did the two sets compare?
Judd has a very serious work ethic. He's the hardest-working person I've ever met. He expects the same from all of us. It's funny and fun, but you're extraordinarily focused at all times. *Evan Almighty* was definitely something else. You show up to work and there are 75 elephants there. You can't improvise a take when this giraffe has to walk across at a specific moment.

In *Knocked Up*, you played a guy who was part of Seth's crew. How much training does it take to act like a Canadian stoner?
They never really established if we were *all* from Canada. I played it as American and threw in a little bit of Dutch—for all my Dutch fans. But these colors don't run. For all of you soldiers reading *Penthouse*, I'm from America! Fuck yeah!

By Jonathan Stern

"I can't believe I'm
in this movie. If it were
someone else's film,
I'd be dying to see it."



Dark Angel

Hell hath no fury like a woman bitten by her vampire foes.

RISE: BLOOD HUNTER

Lucy Liu, Michael Chiklis,
Carla Gugino

We loved Uma Thurman in *Kill Bill* 1 and 2, drooled over la femme Nikita, and still have fantasies about *Underworld*'s Kate Beckinsale. In *Rise*—which premiered at the Tribeca Film Festival, opened in a limited release a few weeks ago, and with any luck has made it to a theater near you by now—Lucy Liu plays a reporter who runs afoul of a local vampire gang. When they deal with her by turning her into one of their own, she goes medieval on their asses. Advance buzz says the plot is thin and the movie might just suck more than *Dracula* does, but we say, What's your point? It's Lucy freakin' Liu kicking the crap out of vampires and—according to clips that we can't find online anymore—getting some lesbian loving from *Entourage*'s Gugino.—Barbara Rice Thompson

When Lucy Liu's reporter runs afoul of a local vampire gang, they turn her into one of their own.





TALK TO ME Don Cheadle, Chiwetel Ejiofor

This simply shot biopic begins with the original shock jock, Petey Greene (Cheadle), honing his deejay skills while serving time for armed robbery. After his release, Greene fast-talks his way onto morning radio and quickly makes a name for himself by unwittingly personifying the free-speech movement. Following Martin Luther King Jr.'s assassination, Greene becomes one of the black community's leading voices of reason, helping to calm the city during D.C.'s race riots. Cheadle is stellar, as always, and each word he speaks is tinged with sadness and hilarity; Taraji P. Henson (*Hustle & Flow*) is jaw-droppingly delicious as Greene's voluptuous girlfriend; and Ejiofor, as producer Dewey Hughes, builds off Cheadle's delicate performance to capture a man who struggled before winning two Emmys. Those Oscar dudes love a good biopic, and we're sure they won't miss this low-profile masterpiece. —Jonathan Ames

THE BOURNE ULTIMATUM Matt Damon, Edgar Ramirez

At this point, who in their right mind would go looking for Jason Bourne? But since the first two movies pulled in more than a half a billion dollars worldwide, the search must go on! This time, there's a new group of local cops, feds, and Interpol agents chasing after the amnesiac assassin as he seeks the truth about his past. In *The Bourne Supremacy*, director Paul Greengrass showed us a good time full of plot twists and turns, and since he's back, we're hoping for another thrill ride of low-tech fights and completely unrealistic chase sequences. —B.R.T.



HOT ROD Andy Samberg, Isla Fisher, Ian McShane

Saturday Night Live's Digital Shorts, those YouTube hits about cupcakes and dicks in boxes, put Samberg, Akiva Schaffer, and Jorma Taccone on the nation's radar. Their feature, *Hot Rod*, follows a lackluster daredevil (Samberg) on his mission to save his ailing stepfather (McShane). Thing is, Dad's kind of a dick, so Rod has to pull off a stunt that will both save and shut up Dad. The DS guys can usually make us laugh for 90 seconds, but can they sustain it for 90 minutes? —J.S.

SHORT CUTS

Star vehicles don't need extra buzz, so we've included an unhyped gem.



1408 John Cusack, Samuel L. Jackson

In this adaptation of the Stephen King story, Cusack is a supernatural debunker who, after his daughter's death, hopes to find something to give him peace. In his experience, it's all fakery and lies—until he explores room 1408 of the Dolphin Hotel. —Harry Knowles



THIS IS ENGLAND Thomas Turgoose, Stephen Graham

A boy (Turgoose) falls in with skinheads after his father's death—based on the experiences of director/writer Shane Meadows—then witnesses the breakup of his "family" when an older member (Graham) is released from prison. —B.R.T.



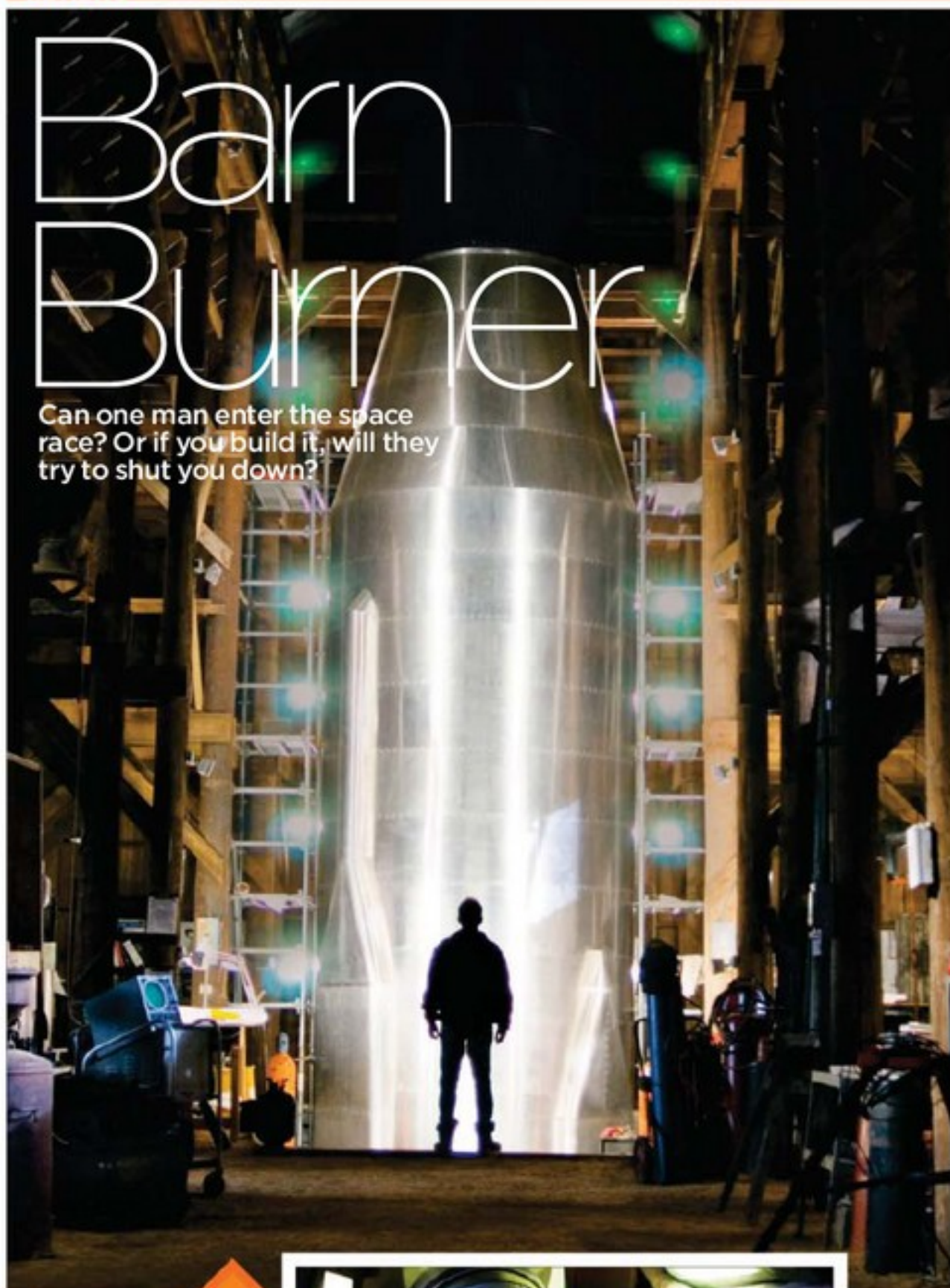
I NOW PRONOUNCE YOU CHUCK AND LARRY

Two Brooklyn firefighters pretend to be a couple so they get benefits as domestic partners. It's rumored to be less homophobic than one might expect, and there's no denying that these two guys are funny, or that the situation is full of potential for hilarity. —B.R.T.

REVIEWS

Barn Burner

Can one man enter the space race? Or if you build it, will they try to shut you down?



THE ASTRONAUT FARMER

Billy Bob Thornton,
Virginia Madsen

If all you know about this is what you saw in ads, you might be as disappointed as we were to discover that Thornton's character is considerably less subversive than it appeared. Yes, he's a farmer who builds his own rocket, but he's also a former NASA aeronautics engineer who left the agency so he could save his family farm. Although we have no desire to see a family-friendly Billy Bob ever again, at least we get the beautiful Madsen as the hottest cougar to ever roam the prairie.



Yes, Thornton's character is a farmer who builds his own rocket, but he's also a former NASA aeronautics engineer.



SNOOP DOGG'S HOOD OF HORROR

Danny Trejo, Aries
Spear, Ernie Hudson

Looking for a little mindless entertainment to set up when you're sitting around getting buzzed with the boys? You could do a whole lot worse than this. There's pretty much no plot to get in the way of the grisly deaths, so you don't have to pay attention, and you won't believe how crazy the murderous mayhem gets. One of the grossest moments will make it impossible for you to make fun of those little old ladies who fear their pets will eat them after they die.



Hot Fuzz's good-natured jabs at Hollywood are some of the funniest moments we've seen in recent years.



BLUE PLANET

HD-DVD and Blu-ray

If you feel the need to justify your upgrade to high-def, this doc will shut up even the biggest Luddite. You get 44 minutes of footage of earth shot from the space shuttle using IMAX's 15/70 format; translated, the images are crisp, clean, and absolutely gorgeous. You also get *The Dream Is Alive*, which documents a shuttle mission that included the crew catching and repairing a satellite and the first space walk by an American woman.

HOT FUZZ

Simon Pegg, Nick Frost

Pegg's previous film with Frost and director Edgar Wright, the zombie comedy *Shaun of the Dead*, exploded on DVD after barely making a dent at the box office; we're expecting the same kind of post-theatrical success for this oh-so-British take on the most American of film genres: the buddy-cop action flick. The movie's good-natured jabs at Hollywood stereotypes and conventions are some of the funniest moments we've seen on film in recent years, but that doesn't take away anything from the action. *Hot Fuzz* will fit right in—even alphabetically!—between *Bad Boys* and *Lethal Weapon*.



ZODIAC

Jake Gyllenhaal, Robert Downey Jr.

Plenty of people must be waiting to catch this on DVD, since it pulled in only \$42 million. Director David Fincher and company surely didn't want that, but they've put together a release that was worth the wait. The two-disc collector's edition delves even further into the real-life tale of a media-savvy serial killer who took the lives of at least 13 and was never caught. It's perfect for any true-crime buff.



THE MONSTER SQUAD

Andre Gower, Robby Kiger, Stephen Macht

Back in the late eighties, when films about groups of geeky kids were a fleeting trend, writer/director Fred Dekker made this movie in which Dracula and other monsters try to take over the world. Mankind's last line of defense is a bunch of outsiders called the Monster Squad. It was a cult hit, and fans have been clamoring for a DVD release for ages. This 20th-anniversary edition, with its five-part retrospective and other bonuses, is likely to make them monstrously happy.

TV ON DVD

EUREKA

Colin Ferguson, Salli Richardson-Whitfield

This series has captured the imagination of sci-fi fans ... and pretty much no one else. Too bad, 'cause it's one of the most original dramas on TV. Eureka is where the government has been stashing geniuses for years, and it's full of one wacky neighbor after another. The season-one collection arrives just in time to catch up before season two premieres.

GAME OF THE MONTH



Manhunt 2

(Rockstar) Wii, PS2, PSP
★★★★★

C rushing someone's skull with a sledgehammer is a bad idea, but if you've ever caught yourself fantasizing about it after a brutal day at work, check out this follow-up to *Manhunt*, which was banned in New Zealand because of its graphic violence. We can only

imagine what's going to happen when the haters find out you can use the Wii controllers to slit your enemy's throat.

The third-person game follows Dr. Daniel Lamb, who—in the name of science (and hoping for the big-buck payout of a Nobel Prize)—subjected himself to more than one experimental test and went a little nuts. We find him after he's woken up to find the door of his asylum cell unlocked. To escape, he must slink his way through the eerie levels

and execute anyone who gets in his way. He's got plenty of ways to do it, too, from blowing off the back of someone's head with a pistol to slicing off their cojones with a wire cutter and yanking out a vertebra. It's gross. It's twisted. It's also a hell of a lot of fun. Just don't come crying to us if your girlfriend says she doesn't want to be alone with you because she caught you giving a gimp a fatal swirly.

Imagine what's going to happen when haters find you can use the Wii controllers to slit your enemy's throat.

Ready to Die?

Dying is never pleasant in the gaming world, but these three gnarly ways to go are some of the most gruesome.



SPINE RIP
(*Mortal Kombat*)
There's something incredibly gratifying about punching into someone and yanking out their skull and spine, and it's been Sub-Zero's signature move for years.



CURB SMASH
(*The Punisher*)
We couldn't watch this in *American History X*, and we can barely sit through it here. The Punisher kicks the back of a bad guy's head while his teeth are on a curb.

REVIEWS


NCAA FOOTBALL 08
 (EA) PS3, Xbox 360, Xbox, PS2, PSP

★★★★

This should give you something to do until *Madden* arrives. You know the basic plot: Take your team all the way. This year's new addition? Lead by example. If you play well, your player's motivation score will rise until you've maxed it out. Once you do, you'll temporarily boost the entire team's

performance if you make a killer play. You can also look ahead one play, one quarter, etc., to simulate what might happen, and build a player from the ground up—like you do in *Madden*'s Superstar mode—then bump him into Madden.


PERSONA 3
 (Atlus) PS2

★★★

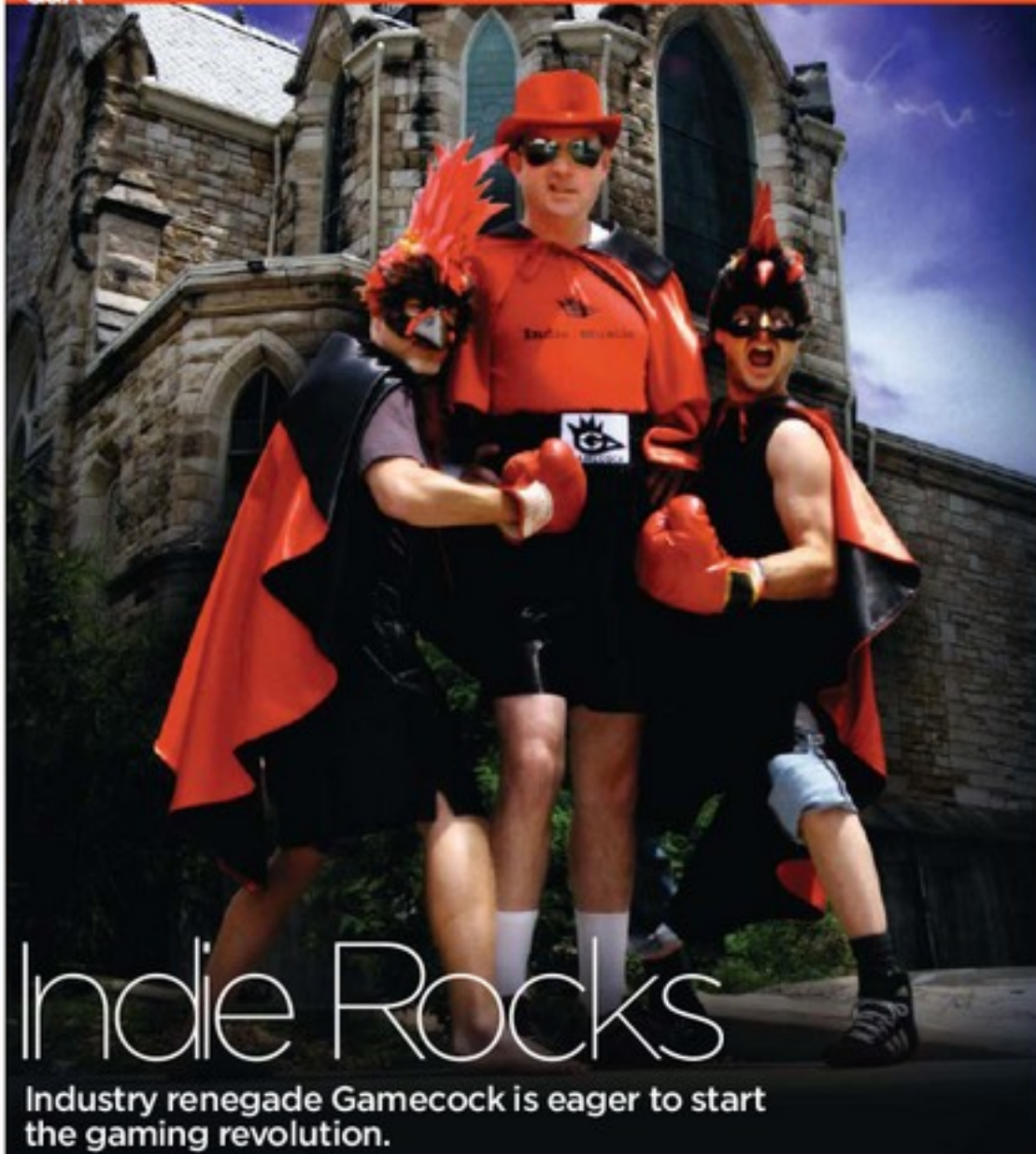
After midnight, everything gets a little freaky. In this role-playing game, you're a teenager who, at the witching hour, enters the alternate reality of Shadow Time where you, your two partners, and your other six personalities battle the creatures of the night. This stylish game is heavy

on dungeon crawling, so if fighting monsters, leveling up, and hunting for treasure appeal to you, look for it. Because although the 3-D characters look a little cartoony, we're interested to see where the technology will go.


CHAIN-SAW DECAPITATION
 (Resident Evil 4)

In the video-game universe, we've been eaten alive, blown up, shot, and burned to a crisp, but it was something altogether new to have our head cut off by this chain-saw-wielding freak.

Q&A



Indie Rocks

Industry renegade Gamecock is eager to start the gaming revolution.

While big-name publishers keep pumping out franchise titles—keeping you and their pocketbooks happy—the independents are left to push the boundaries of gaming. One of the companies leading that charge is Gamecock Media Group, which Harry Miller and Mike Wilson launched earlier this year. The pair know the territory well. They were in charge of Gathering of Developers, a business that put the spotlight on the development teams, and were responsible for *Max Payne*, *Serious Sam*, and *Stronghold*. We caught up with Wilson to see what's happening in the world of independent gaming.

Why are indie games important?

They're always going to be where the innovation comes from. People tend to forget that the huge franchises started in small independent studios. The huge-budget games coming out of public companies where it's usually design-by-committee are not going to lead to a lot of innovation.

You seem anti-franchise. What happens if after you release *Halo* creator Alex Seropian's *Hail to the Chimp*, fans really want *Hail to the Chimp 2*?

We leave that choice with the developer. If that's what Wideload really wants to do next, then okay. But if they want to give it some time to breathe, that's up to them.

Why should the general gaming public care about indie games?

It's the same reason people are into independent films or music that isn't Top 40. It's generally going to be better, more innovative stuff that hasn't been dumbed down for the masses.

Is there any disadvantage to being an independent publisher?

No. *Independent* has come to mean small and insignificant, which is kind of the opposite of the actual meaning of the word, and I find that terribly annoying. To be truly independent and do creative stuff means having the money to actually do it and the balls to market something that is not cookie-cutter. If you're going to take a chance and fund a developer and let them do the game they want to do, you have to be ready to push it as if it's already a franchise.

This fall, Gamecock will release the massive online multiplayer *Fury* and the Nintendo DS shooter *Insecticide*.



Cicily and Robb

(Top) Cicily: "I grew up in a gun environment, but the only people who had guns were gang members. I thought guns were bad things and only bad people had them. Matt took me shooting and I had so much fun. I was really impressed by how responsible everybody was. Now I want to go small-game hunting because I love to cook. I want to learn how to cook pheasant and rabbit; I want to learn how to butcher—I want to do it all."

Dan

(Bottom left) "I consider the ownership of arms not only a right, but the duty of a free people to themselves and future generations."

Christopher

(Bottom right) "My father taught me to shoot and I grew up shooting."

Trigger Happy

Gun owners can decide who becomes the next president. It's time to see who they really are—not who we think they are.

Guns scare me and probably always will, but after reading Kyle Cassidy's *Armed America: Portraits of Gun Owners in Their Homes* (Krause Publications), I can (almost) understand why someone would be compelled to own one. Cassidy lets his subjects speak for themselves, literally, with personal stories about their weapons. Through his stunning photos, he showcases

people who are often vilified by the media but continue to come boldly and proudly into the open. You can't finish this book and still make blanket judgments about gun owners: They're as diverse as anyone else, and Cassidy uncovers the mundane as well as the fringes of this multifaceted group.



FROM AN APPALLING BOOK WE COULDN'T PUT DOWN

"Last year Jim Florentine and I were traveling to Vegas together for a gig. We had both been upgraded to first class.... Naturally, we sat together and I was in rare form. I farted so much on that flight I actually became embarrassed. They were the type of farts you need in first class, too; quiet, hot, and reeking of rotting meat.... Jim got up to use the bathroom and I dropped a particularly abominable one. The flight attendant ... got some scented spray and started to blast the outside of the bathroom door. She thought that dumb Florentine's shit fumes were leaking out.... For the rest of the flight I fired them out and one flight attendant literally stopped in his tracks, backtracked, and got the spray.... We were ... laughing so hard we were shaking."—from *Happy Endings: The Tales of a Meaty-Breasted Zilch*, by Jim Norton (Simon Spotlight Entertainment)

REVIEWS



FELL VOL. 1: FERAL CITY
(Image)
THE IRREDEEMABLE ANT-MAN #1
(Marvel)

A few years ago, the big trend in comic books was "decompression"—massive, leisurely paced stories with the immersive scope of a wide-screen movie. Now, some cartoonists have turned to "recompression": cramming as much plot as possible into a tiny space. Warren Ellis and Ben Templesmith's *Fell Vol. 1: Feral City* is one of the smartest. It's a series about a cop in a hellish urban wasteland that's populated by nihilistic killers, abusers, and sickos. Detective Richard Fell knows that everybody's got a secret, and he may be the only person who cares enough to figure them out. *Fell* includes eight short, densely packed stories, each one as cruel as a hammer blow. Templesmith's sinuous, scratchy painted artwork complements Ellis's scripts with a tone of queasy, surreal grime and horror.

Robert Kirkman and Phil Hester have brought the recompression strategy to their blackly goofy new incarnation of the old Ant-Man series, which features a "hero" who is, frankly, kind of a dick. Eric O'Grady has gotten his



THE COMPLETE STORIES

By David Malouf
(Pantheon)
You probably haven't read anything by David Malouf, but you should. And this big, wonderful collection of stories he's written over the past 25 years is a great place to begin. No matter how dependent we are on the Internet for information and amusement, there is still nothing comparable to discovering the magic of great storytelling by a master writer, and once you read the first page of "The Valley of Lagoons," you'll be transported to a far-off country you won't want to leave. Don't let Malouf's literary prizes (he has many) and low-key profile put you off.

THE DAVID MALOUF COMPLETE STORIES

These stories are compulsively readable, and while many of the locales are exotic, their inhabitants are as familiar as your own friends and family. In fact, one of the connecting themes of these stories is the disconnect between our own private, secret lives and the places where we find ourselves and the people we know—and how we sometimes realize we've never really known them at all.—Peter Bloch

Kirkman and Hester's blackly goofy new incarnation of the old Ant-Man series features a "hero" who is, frankly, kind of a dick.

POSITIVE EFFECT ON THE VODKA'S TASTE. - ASSOCIATED PRESS MIRACULOUS...A MATCH MADE IN HEAVEN. - USA TODAY ...BELIEVE US, THIS VODKA IS SLI

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FLAWLESS VODKA RATING OF 100 POINTS EVER RECORDED. - IBAT* ...BELIEVE US, THIS VODKA IS SLICK. - PLAYBOY FIRST FLAWLESS VODKA RATH

...OFFERS A SMOOTH TASTE. - ABC NEWS A HEALTHIER WAY TO GET SHITFACED...WE CAN ATTEST THAT 3 VODKA IS SMOOTH AND TASTY. - MA

ND THAT'S STORMING THE BAR SCENE. - COSMOPOLITAN SMOOTH AS FRENCH SILK AND TWICE AS FLAVORFUL - THE ADVOCATE TOP TEN MUST-HAVE ITEMS

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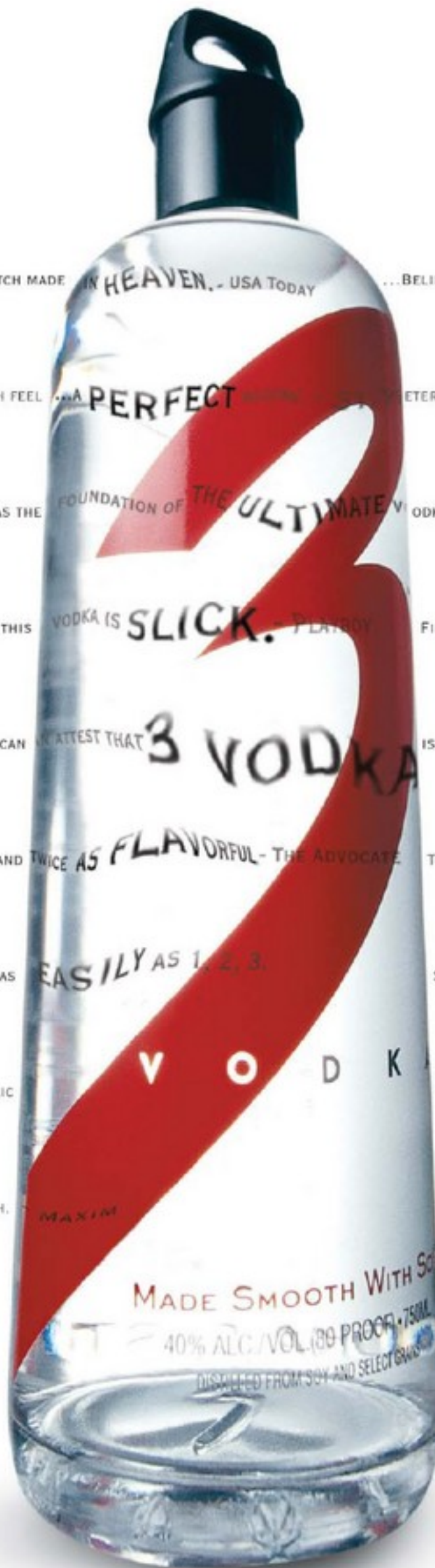
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LESS UNMATCHED BY ANY OTHER VODKA...YOU'LL FIND THAT 3 IS TRULY TRIPLE SMOOTH. MAXIM ...A SMOOTHER VODKA...TH



3 VODKA.
DISTILLED FROM SOY
**ASK FOR IT
 BY NUMBER™**
NO CARBS

JUDGING BY THE BUZZ, WE'VE CLEARLY MADE A GOOD IMPRESSION.



CHEF'S KNIFE

Around \$100

Get out your credit card and bite the bullet here—anything less than a top-shelf knife is just not good enough. Look for carbon steel (stainless or not, it doesn't really matter) and a steel bolster that goes all the way through the handle to the base. Always wash it by hand, since dishwasher detergent will pit the blade, and always cut on a board, preferably wood. Store your knife in a block or on a magnet. Have it sharpened professionally once a year and you shouldn't need to buy another one ever again.



Bitchin' Kitchen

It's not 1958. You don't have to get married to get the cooking tools a hungry guy like you deserves. Here's what you'll need.

By Tucker Shaw
Photographs by Nick Ferrari

VEGETABLE PEELER

Around \$10

There was a time during the eighties and nineties when common wisdom said you didn't need to peel your carrots or potatoes. This was a myth perpetuated by lazy, sadistic cooks. Vegetables taste way better when they're peeled. Get a peeler that fits comfortably in your hand (we like this one by OXO Good Grips).

WIRE WHISK

Around \$10

While a fork can handle beating an egg or two, it's good to have a solid steel whisk around for whipping cream into stiff peaks. Save the Reddi-wip for the bedroom—there's no substitute for hand-whipped cream.

TONGS

Around \$15

Think of tongs as extensions of your hands, only heat-proof. Without them, you'll be wrestling your pasta with a salad fork, or worse, flipping your steak with a spatula. Save that spatula for your eggs and use the tongs, which provide better control. Get a pair that locks for easy storage.

CAST-IRON SKILLET

Around \$20

Whenever you need to cook over heat, this is your boy; if you take care of it, it'll outlast us all. Break in your skillet by rubbing Crisco over the surface and warming it slowly, then wiping it clean. Never use soap and water to clean your skillet; just give it a rinse and a swipe with a dish towel, then set it back on the burner to dry. Treat it right, and eventually it'll develop a seasoned nonstick surface and become your proudest possession.

LADLE

Around \$15

Ever try to dole out a bowl of soup with a spoon? Forget it. You'll get broth all over the counter. Nothing beats a ladle, especially when you're serving chicken soup. Besides, if you're eating chicken soup, you're probably feeling like shit, and the last thing you need is a puddle on the table.





**TWO MIXING BOWLS,
MEDIUM AND LARGE**
\$10 to \$15

If you've ever made a mess on the counter trying to mix cake batter in a cereal bowl, you need mixing bowls. It's much more hygienic to lick batter out of a bowl than off the counter. Spring for a medium and large size, since the superstore-size brownie mix you can't resist won't fit in the smaller ones.

COLANDER
Around \$20

Wash your veggies. If you don't wash them, you'll get E. coli and your dinner will come up faster than you can say "Bon appétit." Colanders are also indispensable for draining pasta. Get a porcelain-coated one if you can; metal colanders tend to rust. Forget the plastic ones: They have a shelf life of about six weeks.

WHENEVER
YOU NEED
TO COOK
OVER HEAT,
A CAST-IRON
SKILLET IS
YOUR BOY.
IF YOU TAKE
CARE OF IT,
IT'LL OUTLAST
US ALL.

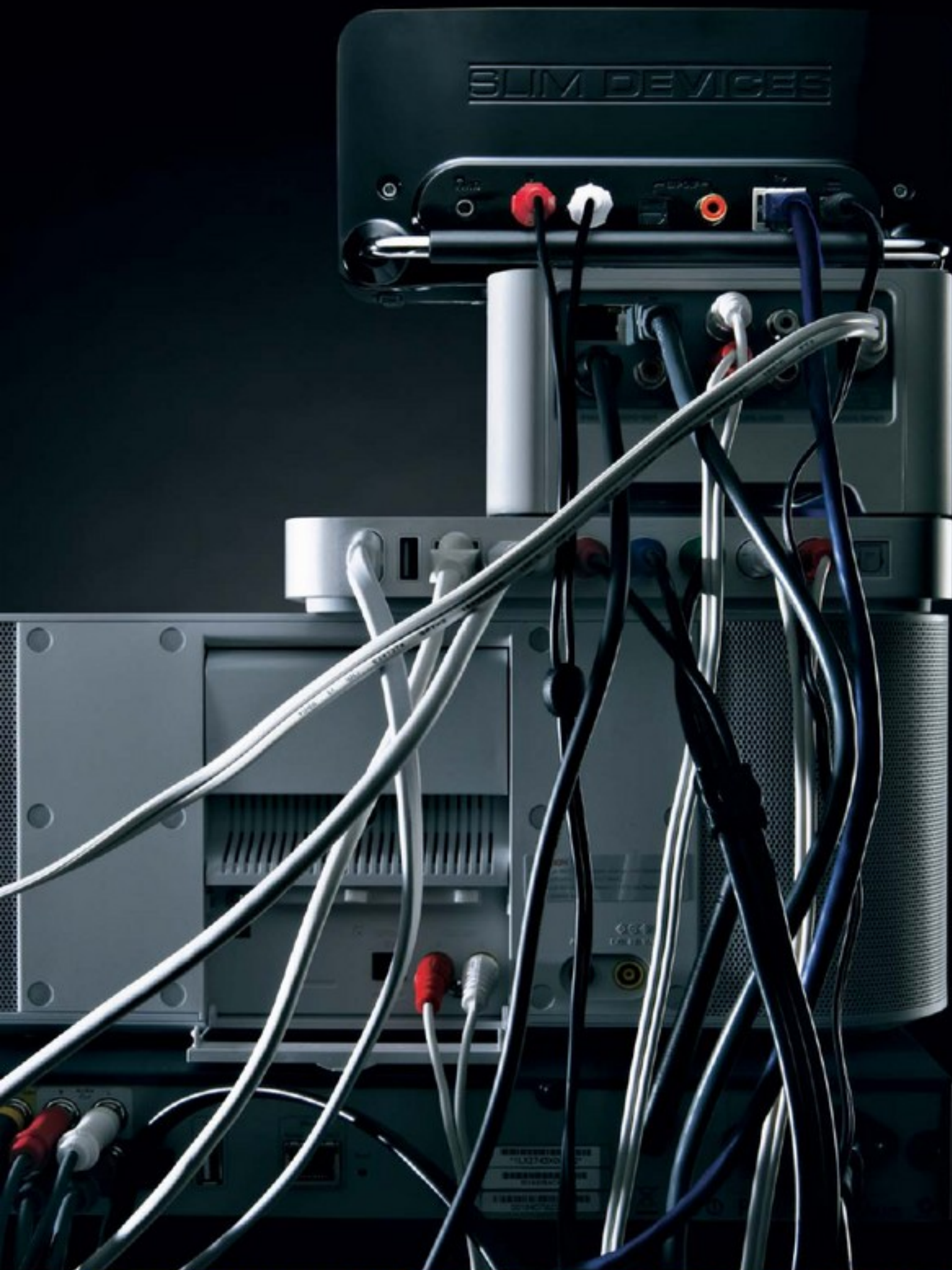
Also Key:

- **PYREX GLASS LIQUID MEASURING CUP.** \$10
Get the one with the red hash marks on the side, and use it to measure and microwave. It's indestructible.
- **4-6 QUART HEAVY-DUTY SAUCEPAN WITH COVER.** \$70
That dollar-store tin can you bought in college won't cut it. Look for high-quality stainless steel with an aluminum core to gain and retain heat. Never put it in the dishwasher.

Self-Serve

Feeling overloaded by MP3s, JPEGs, and DVDs? Overwhelmed by wires, interfaces, and stacks of CDs? Relax. The right home server can simplify your life; store your movies, music, and photos in one place; and finally introduce your computer to the rest of your living room.

By Chuck Tannert Photographs by Nick Ferrari



SLIM DEVICES

SQUEEZEBOX

\$299 (Audio-only)

This slick-looking box is serious about tunes. It wirelessly streams audio from the Internet, supports Rhapsody and Pandora premium-audio services, and has analog and digital outputs. Setup doesn't take long, but it isn't easy (Mac users may struggle). Once it's up and running, the Squeezebox is a gem; sound quality is good and the interface is simple. Its biggest drawback, though, is that it can't stream music from copyright-protected online stores, so you can kiss iTunes's 99-cent song downloads good-bye.

SONOS

ZONEPLAYER 80 BUNDLE

\$1,000 (Audio-only)

This thing kicks ass! If you want an elegant streaming solution, the ZP80 is your ticket to digital-audio nirvana. Its PDA-style controller is so cool, you'll be tempted to wear shades while operating it. The ZP80 comes with two modules so you can set it up in two rooms (though the system is expandable up to 32 rooms) and includes all of the cables you'll need to get it up and running—which takes less than five minutes. The first module must be hardwired into your network, but the rest communicate wirelessly with it for seamless integration.

APPLE

APPLE TV

\$300 (Multimedia)

This server blazes an elegant path to home-media consolidation as it streams both audio and video. Mac devotees will love the iPod-like interface and Nano-size remote. Videophiles will love that it handles high-def signals and has HDMI component-video outs, but it doesn't come equipped to stream standard video to older TVs. It may be the best media server on the market, but like most Apple products, this sleek box is only compatible with iTunes files, which still look shoddy on big-screen HDTVs.

IT CAN STREAM YOUTUBE VIDEOS, FLICKR PHOTOS, LIVE AND RECORDED TV, INTERNET RADIO, AND EVEN ITUNES DOWNLOADS.

SONY
VGF-WA1 WIRELESS DIGITAL MEDIA STREAMER
\$350 (Audio-only)

Think of the WA1 as a boom box that plays your PC's digital-music library or compatible Web radio stations via Wi-Fi. It supports all popular music-file formats except those that are copyright-protected, like most iTunes downloads; and because the WA1 is battery powered, you can carry this tabletop unit from room to room. Audiophiles beware: The system sacrifices sound quality for portability.

NETGEAR
EVA8000 DIGITAL ENTERTAINER HD
\$400 (Multimedia)

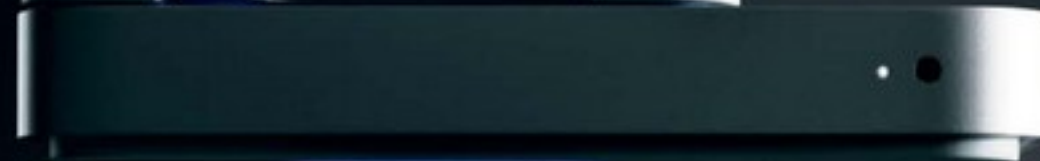
Propellerheads, rejoice! This bad boy doesn't look as cool as the Apple TV and it doesn't offer all the latest tech, but it does a lot for the price. It can stream YouTube videos, Flickr photos, live and recorded TV, Internet radio, and even protected iTunes downloads. Sadly, setting it up will make you sweat, the interface is clumsy, and the somewhat dusty wireless technology holds back the Netgear's streaming capability. If you can get past that, this baby delivers.



The Simple Solution

Turn your Xbox 360 Elite into a home-theater hub

■ **XBOX 360 ELITE GAME CONSOLE** (\$480) has plenty of hidden talents; one of them is acting as an affordable entertainment-system hub. Just add the HD-DVD drive (\$200) and a powered speaker system, such as Pioneer's HTS-GS1 (\$300), then connect the console to your HDTV and home network. You can stream audio or video from your PC, or download directly from the Xbox Live Marketplace to the Elite's 120-gigabyte hard drive. Then take the cash you saved and blow it on *BioShock*.





Double Vision

The underdog of American motorcycles destroys stereotypes by launching a duo of stunning, two-wheeled torpedoes at the heart of traditional cruising.

By Bill Heald

Victory Motorcycles hasn't been around long—at least compared to that other American bike company. Polaris established the marque in 1998, roughly 95 years after the first Harley-Davidson chugged to life. But since the first 1,500-cc V92C V-twin rolled out of the plant in Spirit Lake, Iowa, Victory has embraced the latest technology while blending traditional cruiser styling with its own signature look. This fall, Victory is flexing its creative muscle almost to the breaking point with the Vision, a striking new motorcycle that should make a huge splash in the luxury-touring segment.

Victory likes to say it builds American motorcycles that respect the past without living in it, and this ride has the kind of neo-retro styling

you often see in megabuck show bikes. It has the sweeping lines and hot-rod undertones of fifties muscle cars, but underneath the radical bodywork is a very contemporary touring mount that's loaded with the kind of refined amenities associated with fully dressed road yachts like the Honda Gold Wing.

The Street version has beautifully sculpted saddlebags but no tail trunk, and is aimed at the solo rider who cruises locally but occasionally takes along a passenger. The full-dress Tour model is designed for hard-core





SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Air- and oil-cooled V-twin
Fuel system	Closed-loop fuel injection
Transmission	Six speed with overdrive
Final drive	Carbon-reinforced belt
Length	103.5 inches (Street); 104.9 inches (Tour)
Width	44.9 inches
Front brakes	Dual 300-mm discs with three-piston calipers
Rear brake	Single 300-mm disc with two-piston calipers
Front tire	130/70-18 radial
Rear tire	180/60-16 radial
Fuel tank	Six gallons
Wheelbase	65.7 inches
Seat height	26.5 inches
MSRP	Around \$20,000

road warriors who regularly travel long distances with a passenger, seek maximum luggage space, and want every touring gadget, from cruise control to a trip computer.

Both models house the Freedom V-twin engine, a fuel-injected mill that uses four-valve heads and an oversize oil cooler to shed heat and help minimize weight and complexity. The six-speed transmission includes a true overdrive for fuel economy, and the final drive utilizes a carbon-reinforced belt. The wheelbase

measures a long 65.7 inches and the seat sits a low 26.5 inches from the pavement, although Victory claims there's four inches of padding to soothe your backside.

Storage is vast, and the seamless integration of the instruments into the sleek bodywork illustrates Victory's attention to detail in every aspect of this motorcycle. Options like an electrically adjustable windscreen, an MP3-capable audio package, and a navigation system are available, in addition to a truckload of accessories. Prices have yet to be announced, but they should be comparable to Harley, Honda, and BMW tour bikes. While the Vision will offer the same kind of luxury-touring experience as the competition, the look and the attitude of this cool new mount means it's clearly in a class of its own. 

Pet Peeves

You've graduated to unhooking bras with one hand, but you still haven't figured out how to make sure she'll come back for more. Jonathan Ages spoke to Penthouse Pet Cassia Riley and found out what to do when the lights go down.



MOOD DISORDERS

"Don't start turning on the music and lighting the candles—that's just corny. Let it be spur-of-the-moment. If the lights are on, leave 'em on; if they're off, leave 'em off. If it's your girlfriend, then you can dim the lights—unless it's a 'let's fuck right here in the kitchen' kind of thing."

SOCKS OFF, ROCKS OFF

"I would never fuck a guy who had his socks on—even if it was a boyfriend. I'd be like, 'Take the socks off or don't get laid!' You're completely naked; why are you wearing socks? Who cares if your feet are ugly? Just be comfortable in your own skin and take them off. Trust me, no girl is looking at your feet—unless you're wearing socks."

DON'T BRAND HER

"It's not cool to leave marks on a girl, because it makes her look like trailer trash. I don't want to wake up the next

morning and have a hickey. We're adults; this isn't high school. If you have scratches on your back and it just kinda, like, happened, you can put a shirt on. But leaving a mark where people can see is just trashy."

TAKE OUT THE GARBAGE

"You better get your ass up and go to the bathroom and wrap that condom in a tissue and throw it in the trash. It would be a total deal breaker if a guy just threw it on the floor. I'd be like, 'Nasty! How much come is on your floor?!' "

"IF I'M WITH A BOYFRIEND, SPOONING IS GREAT. BUT IF IT'S JUST SOME GUY I'M FUCKING, DON'T TOUCH ME."

MORNING WOULD

"You can totally have sex in the morning if it's obvious you'd still like each other sober. If I'm not into a guy, I get up and pretend I am really busy so he'll go."

SLEEP TALK

"As long as we're not, like, in the middle of a conversation, it's okay if you want to go to sleep right after sex. I'll probably fall asleep, too. But you better not fall asleep if we haven't already come to the agreement that you're staying over—'cause then I would probably wake you up and say, 'You gotta go.'"

KEEP YOUR DISTANCE

"If I'm with a boyfriend, spooning is great. But if it's just some guy I'm fucking, don't touch me. Cuddling is really intimate—more intimate than sex. Guys think girls are the ones who are needy, but half the time it's guys who are the needy ones." —**OT**

Dear Scoundrel,
My girlfriend was using my computer the other day and saw in my browser history that I'd been checking out porn. She's not pissed, but she's a bit thrown that I was checking out other women. What should I do?

—Alex R., Minnesota

Every stint of one-handed surfing should be followed immediately by a thorough computer cleanse. Your carelessness has now revealed the real reason you set up Wi-Fi in your bedroom. I feel for you. I've felt the sting of browser residue myself, and now my octogenarian grandmother knows about my latex fetish.

This mistake doesn't need to be your undoing. Reassure your girlfriend that you have a normal, healthy sexual curiosity. Try this syllogism: "Guys like variety. Porn has variety. Therefore, guys like porn." It's overly simplistic—and may not cover your ass if you Googled "trannies and double-headed dildos"—but she can't argue with logic, especially if you remind her that you were *looking* for variety, not seeking it.

Things could be worse, she could have caught you rubbing one out to *Star Trek* S&M-themed fan fiction. Try to turn your weaknesses into strengths: Make it clear how happy you are that she found the URLs, because you never want to hide anything from her. Say you were researching novel possibilities for your sex life. Then suggest integrating porn into your bedroom activities. Start with "Forum" letters and build up to the dominatrix flicks you have stashed in your closet, perv.

Dear Scoundrel,
My new girlfriend recently left a toothbrush at my place. I'm happy in the relationship, but I'm not ready to take this step. How do I keep her from filling my medicine cabinet with her stuff without pissing her off?

—Peter M., Washington

The toothbrush is a dental necessity that's loaded with symbolism. On one level, it's just a plastic stick with bristles. On another, your bathroom could soon be littered with loofahs, exotic exfoliants, and those fuzzy rabbit slippers sorority girls pad around in. Interpret her motives objectively and remember that not every girl who spends the night is angling to move in. Maybe your girl's just got a healthy fear of gingivitis. By

Scoundrel

Words of wisdom from a 21st-century rogue



the way, stud, when was the last time you flossed?

Dear Scoundrel,
I'm tired of getting treated like shit at clubs. I'm always the last guy let in from the line and the last to get served. What's the trick to skipping the line and getting a little love from the bartenders without having to grease the wheels with a ridiculous tip?—Anthony S., Hawaii

Nightclubs are not democracies. You wouldn't want to go to a joint that let in the schmo with a crooked Von Dutch cap and popped collar, would you? That said, lines for these places can be longer than the one you made your parents wait in at Space Mountain. One way you can avoid negotiating the velvet rope is by contacting a club's promoter with an RSVP a few days in advance and tell him you're researching clubs

for your company's big anniversary throwdown. Advise the promoter how providing drink tickets for you and your thirsty "coworkers" will aid you in your research. Of course, if you do this, you can never go back to that club again.

If you're going to a trendy establishment, dress the part. Don't wear sneakers or a baseball cap. Establish a good rapport with the burly men who hold your fate in their hands. Greasing the bouncer helps, but your wallet will appreciate the less expensive charm offensive: Make eye contact, smile, and say, "Last weekend's party was so killer that my buddies and I just had to come back! Is Sara working again?" If there's a guest list, eavesdrop on the well-connected pricks the bouncer lets in ahead of you. Find out whose name they dropped and use it at the door. And when all else fails, schmooze the hot women in line. If you can charm them into acting like you're all together, those ladies are your golden ticket. Ride 'em, cowboy. **OT**

SEND YOUR QUESTIONS TO
SCOUNDREL@PMGI.COM

THINGS COULD
BE WORSE, SHE COULD
HAVE CAUGHT YOU
RUBBING ONE OUT TO
STAR TREK FAN FICTION.



Special Blend

Want to create a signature drink?
All you need is vodka and a trip down the produce aisle.
By Abigail Aronofsky

Vodka doesn't have a volatile reputation for nothing. It's colorless, odorless, and can be made with practically anything—from wheat to potatoes to soy—and it packs a hefty alcohol content of about 45 percent by volume. The spirit's purity makes it an ideal blank slate to infuse your own flavors. But we're not talking about mixing it with cranberry juice. We're talking about dumping some real cranberries into a vodka bottle and letting it sit for a couple of weeks. Kenny Addington, executive chef at Bette restaurant in Manhattan, helped craft a lemon-cucumber-thyme infusion that'll complement your next cookout—and looks a lot cooler on your deck than a beer-can pyramid. He also gave us some tips on how to select ingredients and mixers for your own infused vodka.

“CALL ME WHAT YOU
LIKE, ONLY GIVE ME
SOME VODKA.”—
RUSSIAN PROVERB

PICK YOUR POISON

“Choose ingredients with a little bit of natural oil. Citrus fruits are great; chilies work well because of the capsaicin. Spices that lend themselves well to vodka include cardamom and thyme, which adds a floral note.”

MAKE IT A CONVERSATION PIECE

“You can use a mason jar or, for visual effect, mix right in the bottle.”

TIME IT RIGHT

“You don't want vodka to sit for more than a couple of weeks because it'll make the mixture bitter. Most infusions should sit one or two weeks; any longer and it starts getting rancid.” This infusion will turn light yellow after a week and a half at room temperature. When the beverage starts smelling like a lemon drop and tastes sweet—almost melon-like—strain it into another container and you're ready to drink.

PAIR WITH CARE

“You don't want to challenge the flavors you're working with. Soda and light juices work great.”

BETTE'S THYME OUT

2 1/2 oz. thyme, lemon, and cucumber-infused Stolichnaya
1/2 oz. dry vermouth
Shake with ice and strain into chilled martini glass. Garnish with thyme sprig and cucumber slice.

Atlanta

Chicago

Dallas

Denver

Detroit

Houston

Los Angeles

Mexico City

Myrtle Beach

New Orleans

New York

Niagara Falls

St. Louis

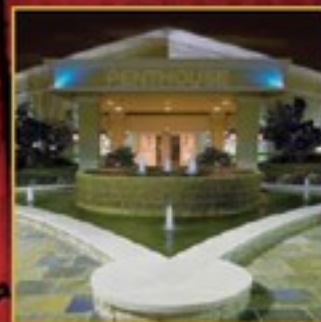
Tampa

Wellford

The Penthouse Club – where you, your friends and business associates can relax in comfort, talk business and dine in elegance. Enjoy personalized service with a wide selection of champagne and wines, while you are entertained by the world's most beautiful women.

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Even in her native Brazil, land of the thong and the perfect ass, everyone gawks at 23-year-old Keity Souza when she worships the sun. But we found a secluded spot for her to work on those tan lines, and watch as her paler parts turn golden brown.

Photographs by Petter Hegre





Keity





"It's true that South American girls have fiery heat in their blood, and I won't do anything I'm not passionate about, whether it's for business or for pleasure. I just can't fake it—not a smile or anything."





"I love telling a story without saying a word. Modeling allows me to use my body and face to show how I'm feeling inside, and I can seduce anyone simply with a look."









"Many people think that all Brazilian women are tall and skinny like Gisele Bündchen, but I love my curves. My ass is two big handfuls."





"This shoot was so much fun because it was like a striptease, and I love making guys wait. The men I date have to earn the rewards they get from me, and every one of them has agreed I was worth it."

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE
HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA. GO TO
PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM.
TO SEE MORE OF KEITY, VISIT
PENTHOUSE.COM/KEITY.



Vert Vet

Legendary skater Bucky Lasek talks early days, gnarly injuries, and Shaun White—and reveals his family connection to *Penthouse*.

With five X Games gold medals and 17 years of experience, Bucky Lasek is one of the world's premier vert skateboarders. He's won the past two season titles on the Dew Action Sports Tour, and seeks a third as the Dew Tour stops in Cleveland July 19–22.

Is it true that you started skateboarding at age 12 after some kid stole your bike?
It's true.

Considering how things have worked out, you might want to thank that guy.
Yeah, I guess I would like to thank him because if I were still riding bikes, I'd be tore up from the floor up right now.

Twelve is kind of a late start for someone who became an elite pro rider. Did you have a knack for skateboarding right away?
Well, I had skated a little bit earlier on. When I was a little kid, I rolled around on skateboards, but at 12 I got my first skateboard and started *skateboarding*. Instead of, like, whatever you call it when you're younger.

What was it like shooting the Bones Brigade video *Public Domain* back when you were a teenager? That's a classic now.

It was awesome because I always looked up to Stacy Peralta and Tony Hawk, and all the guys on Powell [Skateboards team]. And then when I became one of them, I was in awe.

When you started out, did you have any idea that you could make a living as a skater?

No. Back then, it was more about travel and—I just wanted to be one of the elites. I always wanted to be good at it, to be like the people I looked up

to, like Tony Hawk and Chris Miller and Christian Hosoi. But the money was definitely beneficial, once you actually *could* make money. And now it's really big. Now kids start skating not only because they love it, but also because they can make money off it. I think a lot of the parents see that. And now you get the quote unquote "soccer moms and dads."

Snowboarding has that same phenomenon.

Yeah, that's pretty much how Shaun White got as good as he is.



Lasek's mother-in-law is February 1982 Pet of the Month DIVina Celeste. For real.

His mom sacrificed everything for him. Basically, all Shaun did was snowboard and skateboard. He didn't play other sports; he didn't do anything else. He was bred to ride.

It's paying off for him in lots of ways. You're a married man now, with two kids, but you must have some skate-groupie stories from back in the day.
Back when I was doing it, that stuff was around a little bit, but skateboarding wasn't that popular. It was more underground. Now, it's like rock-star status. You should ask Shaun White that question. I'm sure he is eating it up right now.

I read that Michael Schumacher, the F1 driver, is one of your heroes. Why is that?

Because he's like the Tony Hawk of F1. He's the best. I'm a big fan of driving, and Michael was on top for so long—and I'm sure he still could be if he really wanted to be. I admire his heart, his passion.

What's the worst injury you've seen in skating?

I've seen some pretty gnarly ones. Ankles bent the wrong way. Shoulders sticking out of sockets. Fingers bent backward. And I've had a gash on my knee the size of—it looked like a shark bite. It was flesh ripped open to the bone.

You've won back-to-back vert titles on the Dew Tour. Are you feeling good about your chances for a third?

Yeah, but it's going to be hard because skating is at such a high level now. I can do the same old thing and do well, but I like to push myself. So I'm going to come out with new tricks. I'm probably gonna fall a lot. But if I'm able to pull the stuff I've been working on, I'll have a definite edge over Shaun and the other guys. But we'll see.... Hey, did you know my mother-in-law posed in *Penthouse*?

She did?

Yeah; DiVina Celeste. She was a *Penthouse* Pet.

Well, we're gonna have to dig that one out of the archives.
[Laughs]

"I'VE HAD A GASH
ON MY KNEE THAT
LOOKED LIKE A
SHARK BITE. IT WAS
FLESH RIPPED OPEN
TO THE BONE."





Casting for Curses

Since sports can never have enough hexes, here are three more we'd like to see take root.

CAMPBELL'S CHUNKY SOUP

This one's already claimed Terrell Davis and Kurt Warner, and Ben Roethlisberger was set to shoot his soup spot the day after his motorcycle collided with a Chrysler in 2006.

VITAMIN WATER

Rapper 50 Cent doesn't seem as cool now that he's plugging it, and the Mets' David Wright slumped early this year. Keep an eye on David Ortiz (Red Sox) and Brian Urlacher (Bears).

WHEATIES

They've had athletes on their box since 1934, yet somehow have remained jinx-free. Unless you count decathlete Bruce Jenner (1977), who has our sympathy for fathering reality-TV personality Brody Jenner.

Blessings or Curses?

The endorsement deals are rolling in for Titans QB Vince Young. Should he be honored or worried?

He bounced back from a near-fatal bicycle accident as a seven-year-old, single-handedly dethroned a college-football dynasty, and silenced a stadium full of doubters en route to winning the NFL's rookie of the year award. But this fall, the Tennessee Titans' quarterback, Vince Young, will attempt what is arguably his most brazen feat yet: laughing in the face of fate by taking on a potential curse. He was wise enough to pull out of a Campbell's Chunky soup spot (see sidebar), but he's on the cover of *Madden NFL 08*, which hits stores on August 14—just weeks before his second (read: sophomore) year.

As you are no doubt aware, during the season following their selection, the last six NFL players to appear

on the *Madden* cover have all either suffered a drop-off in performance, an injury, or both. It started with then-Minnesota Vikings quarterback Daunte Culpepper in 2001 (13 interceptions, knee injury, missed the last four games), and has run uninterrupted—Eagles quarterback Donovan McNabb (2005, sports hernia); Ravens linebacker Ray Lewis (2004, wrist injury); Falcons quarterback Michael Vick (2003, broken leg); and Rams running back Marshall Faulk (2002, injured ankle)—through last year's cover guy, Seattle Seahawks running back Shaun Alexander, who broke a bone in his foot in week three of the season.

But Young has experience in the curse-foiling arena, having flouted the long-running *Sports Illustrated* cover jinx while at the University of Texas. He landed on *SI*'s cover before the 2006 Rose Bowl, then won the game in the most un-jinxed fashion possible. But two potential jinxes at once? "We don't believe in stuff like that," Young's agent, Major Adams, said after Young's *Madden* cover was announced. We'll check back with him in the fall.

Le Target

Were the French out to get Floyd Landis all along?

Floyd Landis of the U.S. seems destined to be the first winner in the history of the Tour de France to be stripped of his title. He may be guilty, but Tour officials may have committed transgressions of their own.



We submit:

■ "You can't ignore a setup as a competing explanation. Maybe they're upset that cycling is an unbelievably rinky-dink sport here and we go over and win their damn race eight years in a row."

—Chuck Yesalis, retired Penn State University epidemiologist and expert on performance-enhancing drugs

■ "You don't take anabolic steroids [such as testosterone] in the morning and race in the afternoon. It takes many weeks to get benefits."

—Dr. Gary Wadler, New York University School of Medicine [Landis was tested eight times during the 23-day Tour; only one showed an elevated testosterone level.]

"YOU CAN'T IGNORE A SETUP AS A COMPETING EXPLANATION."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LEFT TO RIGHT) MATT BROWN/ICON SM, GERO BRELOER/EPA/CORBIS, TANNEN MAURY/EPA/CORBIS, BILL POLO/AF/GETTY IMAGES

Penthouse Top 10 Baseball Hall of Fame Injustices

With Cal Ripken Jr. and Tony Gwynn set to enter Cooperstown on July 29, it's time to look at who else belongs in the Hall—and who doesn't.

CRIMES OF OMISSION

5 STEVE GARVEY

A ten-time All-Star who owns the N.L. record of 1,207 consecutive games played and won two NLCS MVP awards and four Gold Gloves—yet he's never been a serious candidate.

4 JIM RICE

Eight-time All-Star Rice put the fear of God into A.L. pitchers—especially from 1977 to '79, when he averaged a .320 batting average, 41 home runs, and 128 RBIs.

3 GIL HODGES

The best defensive first baseman of the 1950s was No. 11 on the all-time home-run list when he retired. The ten guys who were in front of Hodges are in the Hall.

2 MARK MCGWIRE

He hit 583 home runs and broke a 37-year-old single-season home-run record. And he broke none of baseball's rules. If he doesn't get in, no slugger from his era should.

1 BERT BLYLEVEN

His 287 wins would have been more than 300 if he'd played on good teams, and 115 of his losses were by two runs or less. He also threw 60 shut-outs, ninth-most of all-time.

Five Things You Should Know About the All-Star Game

1

A STAR IS BORN, 1933

The first All-Star Game was intended to be a one-off as part of the 1933 World's Fair in Chicago. It went so well, they decided to make it an annual event.

2

HALL OF FAME GAME, 1934

All 18 starters from the 1934 All-Star Game are in the Hall of Fame—except former Boston Braves center fielder Wally Berger.

3

EEPHUS, 1946

He belted Rip Sewell's famously goofy eephus pitch (a high-arching lob) for a homer, but Ted Williams later admitted that he'd advanced out of the batter's box to meet the pitch.

4

GOOD-BYE, CLEVELAND, 1981

Former Cardinals shortstop Garry Templeton declined his selection to the game, saying, "If I ain't startin', I ain't departin'."

5

VOTE FOR PEDRO, 1999

Boston ace Pedro Martinez (below) struck out Barry Larkin, Larry Walker, Sammy Sosa, and Mark McGwire, one after another. The next batter, Matt Williams, reached base on an error.

The American League's Ivan Rodriguez tagged out Alfonso Soriano at home during last year's All-Star tilt, won 3-2 by the A.L., which hasn't lost the Midsummer Classic since 1996.



Midsummer Night's Dream

Unlike other sports' midseason showcases, baseball's All-Star Game usually delivers a game, even if it doesn't always provide a winner.

Remember the 2002 baseball All-Star Game, when MLB commissioner Bud Selig ruled the game a 7-7 tie after both teams ran out of pitchers in the 11th inning? The fans—in Selig's home stadium of Miller Park, no less—greeted the decision with a deluge of boos and debris. You'd have thought Selig had done something awful, like looked the other way while his league was overrun with performance-enhancing drugs, or presided over a widening gulf between small- and big-market franchises, or assumed the commissioner's post as a former MLB owner, making him, essentially, the fox guarding the henhouse. Oh, wait. He did do all of that. But calling an exhibition game after 11 innings

so players wouldn't risk injuries that would keep them out of *real* games? That's been the least of Selig's transgressions as commish.

But you can't blame the fans for thinking they were at a real game: Of all the major sports' all-star games, baseball's is the most competitive, and always has been. From Ted Williams's bottom-of-the-ninth walkoff homer in 1941 to Pete Rose bowling over Ray Fosse at home plate in 1970 to Torii Hunter levitating above the wall to rob Barry Bonds of a certain homer in 2002, players have always treated the game as a chance to shine rather than a day off. Baseball, with its minimal physical contact or injury risk, lends itself to going all out.

And in 2003, the league added the extra incentive of having the All-Star Game decide home-field advantage for the World Series. (The National League may want to revisit this rule, as it has not won an All-Star Game since 1996.) But back to that infamous tie in 2002: Despite the fans' outrage, the knotted-up result was not unprecedented. The 1961 Midsummer Classic at Fenway Park also ended in a tie, rained out at 1-1 in the ninth inning.



CRIMES OF INCLUSION

5 TONY PEREZ

Steve Garvey hardly merits consideration, but Perez gets waved through? Perez floundered in the 1970 World Series (.056 batting average) and the 1973 NLCS (.091).

4 DON DRYSDALE

Voters were swayed by his then-record 58 straight scoreless innings in 1968. But he should have totaled more than 209 wins with the Dodgers, the best team of the era.

3 RAY SCHALK

Okay, he was one of the White Sox who didn't throw the 1919 World Series, but his .253 career average is the lowest of any non-pitcher in the Hall.

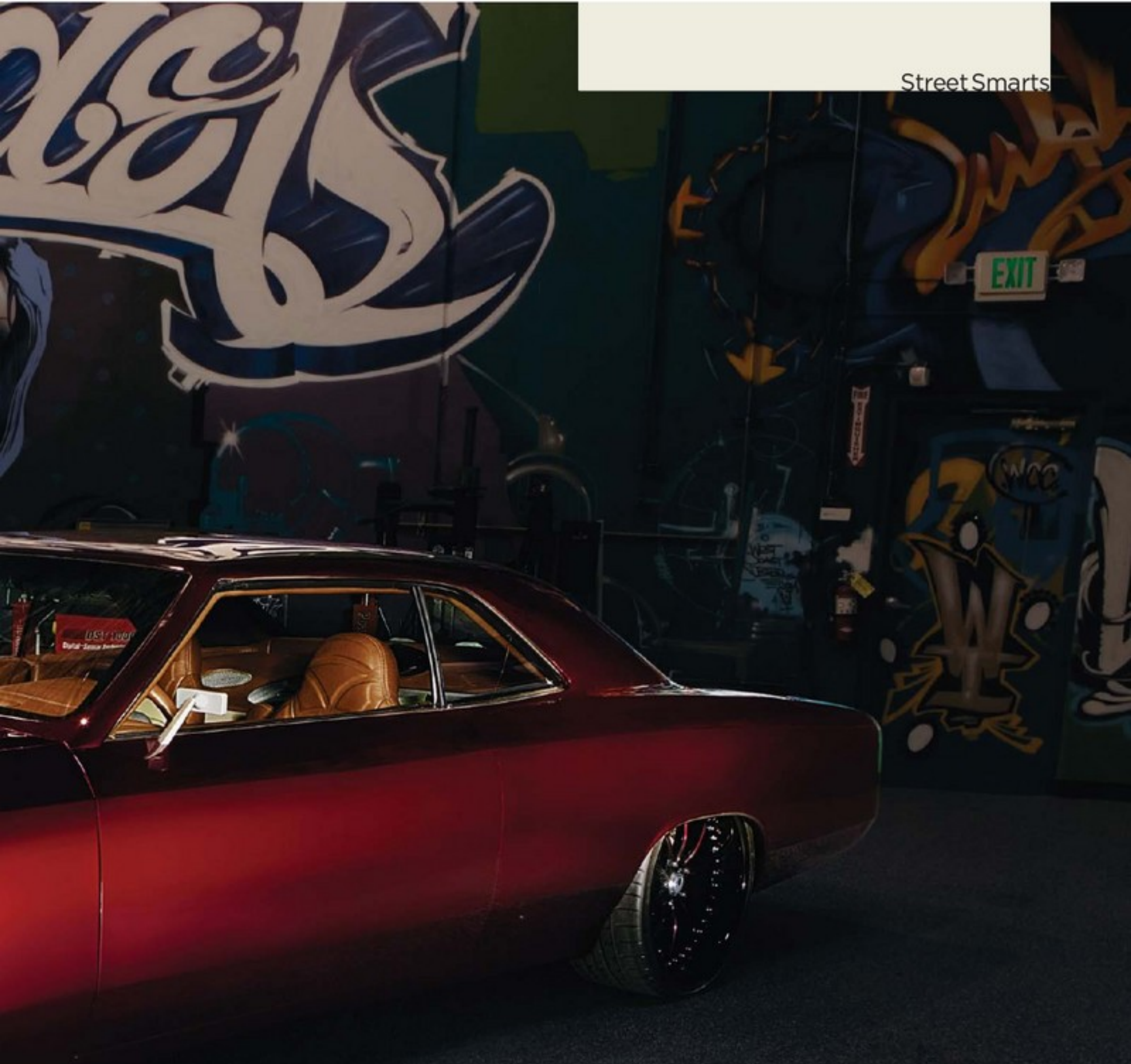
2 PHIL RIZZUTO

Stat guru Bill James practically built an entire book (*Whatever Happened to the Hall of Fame?*) around "the Scooter's" lack of fitness for the Hall.

1 BILL MAZEROSKI

The old Veterans Committee was ditched in 2001 on charges of cronyism after it opened the Hall to Mazerowski—a fine defensive second baseman, but a .260 hitter.





back in tune

Pimp My Ride gave West Coast Customs national prominence, but it almost drove them into ruin in the process. Now, WCC is rising from the ashes of reality TV and blazing a radical new trail in the quest for the world's sweetest ride. Hint: It's called a Corvair, and it's like no car ever built.

By Chuck Tannert
Photographs by Michael Ballard

Clockwise from lower right: Ryan Friedlinghaus, CEO of West Coast Customs; a custom Caddy; the WCC crew lets off some steam; the 25,000-square-foot shop in Corona is brand-new and brimming with business.



little over a year ago, Ryan Friedlinghaus faced a life-altering decision: To pimp or not to pimp? The CEO of West Coast Customs had to choose between his 13-year-old custom-car shop and the stardom and profits that came from his four-year stint on MTV's *Pimp My Ride*. "I should've been happy with all of the success and worldwide recognition," he explains. "Instead, I was embarrassed. I kept thinking, *If we ride this wave any longer, there won't be a business left.*"

In 2004, the 31-year-old and his streetwise crew of automotive artisans became overnight superstars as the heart and soul of MTV's *Pimp My Ride*. Ryan, Big Dane, Ish, and Mad Mike transformed beaten-down clunkers into slick street machines, wowing young viewers and spawning three spin-offs for the network. "Shit, we had the highest-rated show on cable for three years," says Friedlinghaus. "We were even hotter than *Jackass*."

But as Friedlinghaus found out, reality-TV fame—even from the kind of show that sets out to merely document your job—comes with hidden service charges. "The segment producers were out of control," he says. "They were telling us how to paint cars, what types of interiors to use, pushing us to do all sorts of stupid shit." In one episode, they pitted Big Dane against the diminutive Ish for a sumo match in the middle of the shop. "I was told it was great for TV," Friedlinghaus says. "But what the fuck did it have to do with building cars? Nothing. It was a fucking nightmare." The demands of the show caused dissension within the shop. Certain people got airtime, while others—the grunts doing the work behind the scenes—received little, if any, recognition.

Meanwhile, the show had begun pushing away the shop's core business. The WCC crew worked from 9 A.M. to 9 P.M. on MTV projects, then till 2 or 3 A.M. on their customers' cars. The demands of the show were put ahead of the shop's clientele—even those, like Shaquille O'Neal, who helped build Friedlinghaus's business in the first place. "We built something like 30 cars for Shaq," he explains. "When the show came around, we just didn't have the time to meet his needs. Eventually, he went elsewhere."

And if that wasn't enough fallout, the show began corroding



the shop's reputation. Friends in the industry were begging Friedlinghaus to drop *Pimp My Ride*. "They'd say it makes you look like you can't do anything serious," he says. "I spent way too long building this business to let it go down in flames. My grandfather, God bless his soul, gave me the \$5,000 to start this shop in 1993. I wasn't about to lose it for a TV show."

Still, exactly who instigated the actual breakup is murkier than a pan of spent oil. Friedlinghaus decided to move from the relatively small Inglewood, California, shop into a larger, state-of-the-art facility in Corona, knowing full well that it would be a problem for MTV. However, it would finally make WCC a one-stop shop—able to do everything from performance upgrades and fabrication to paint and electronics. When MTV heard about the move, they balked at making the daily trip from L.A. to film the show. Friedlinghaus decided to rally the troops, insisting that if they all stuck together, the production crew would have no choice but to make the drive north. Instead, MTV made offers to certain



“THIS BUSINESS NEEDS TO RUN LIKE A FAMILY IF WE’RE GOING TO HAVE A FUTURE. THE HATERS CAN GO FUCK THEMSELVES.”
—RYAN FRIEDLINGHAUS

key players to continue the show from a new shop. And some of the guys, such as *Pimp My Ride* host Xzibit, went with MTV.

Friedlinghaus says it still stings: “I support any move to better oneself. It’s when people stab you in the back that pisses me off.” Before *PMR*, Xzibit was just another guy hanging around the shop, a middling rapper with an easy charm and a modicum of fleeting success. *PMR* made him a star, and it was Friedlinghaus who handed him the job. “I’m not looking for thanks, but I expected some loyalty,” the car builder vents. “He should’ve followed us. Instead, he spit in my face.” (Xzibit did not respond to requests for comment.) And it seems like every time the rapper does an interview, he takes a jab at his old friend. “He went on *Big Boy’s Neighborhood* [a show on L.A.’s Power 106 FM] recently and blasted us,” rages Big Dane. “Saying shit like, ‘I wouldn’t take my car to them, they do shoddy work.’ Come on. We built several cars for both those fools.”

Today, Friedlinghaus is happier and more confident in the work he’s doing. He’s doing it his way again. The new shop is hopping with activity and back to doing what it does best—building some of the coolest, most talked-about cars in the business. They are in the process of opening shops in Dubai and Russia, and have even landed another reality-TV show. “Lightning does strike twice,” Big Dane chuckles. TLC, the same network that does *American Chopper*, *American Hot Rod*, and *Dirty Jobs*, is producing the new show, which will follow a typical workplace-drama formula. “Now the world will get to see what we really do here,” says Big Dane. “The heart and soul of this shop will be revealed.”

TURN THE PAGE TO CHECK OUT WCC’S COOLEST CREATION.

"INSTEAD OF SALVAGING PARTS, WE DECIDED TO BUY A NEW CAR, TRANSFER THE CHEVELLE'S BODY ONTO IT, AND MAKE ALL THE MODERN CONVENIENCES OF THE NEW CAR WORK WITHIN THAT SHELL."—SEAN MAHANEY



CSI Guy Revamps His '67 Chevy

Gary Dourdan has been a car freak since he was a kid: "It stems from my days making model cars. I'd put them together and then customize the paint job." Today he has a garageful of hot rides, including a Ferrari Maranello that he drives to work every day and a Range Rover Sport that he uses to ferry his kids around.



Rebuilt to last

A normal Chevelle's fenders are completely flat, but this car has an hourglass shape. Mahaney lowered the car, flared out the front and rear fenders, chopped the roof three inches, and crafted a billet-aluminum grille. "It gives it that low, lean O.G. look," says Friedlinghaus.



Cool running

Hood vents are usually just for show. Not here. Gonzalo "Bear" Garcia designed them so that air actually flows down through the hood into the air intakes to keep the engine cool. "It's functional," he says, "but still looks bad."



What happened to all those great old American muscle cars? Sadly, much of that Detroit metal has been snatched up by connoisseurs who are willing to pay top dollar for a mint-condition Mopar or classic pony car, or by some obsessive who has the cash and the patience to nurse a classic clunker back to health. The heartbreaking part is that once they've been returned to their original state, most of them never see the light of day. They're treated like precious commodities—never to be driven, only rubbed with a diaper in some environmentally controlled cage. Gary Dourdan, the smoothest of the CSI: Crime Scene Investigation geeks, thinks this is a crime. "Why buy one unless you're going to drive and enjoy it?" he says. "That's what they're made for."

Dourdan, who plays Warrick Brown on the perennial CBS hit, is a car fanatic and has the collection to prove it. One of his most prized rides is a '67 Chevelle. "It was the first car I got after getting an acting job here in Los Angeles," he says. "I drove it to auditions, everywhere."

Last year he decided to have the 40-year-old Chevy fully restored, so he turned to West Coast Customs for some of their tender loving care. But he didn't want just any old chassis-up rebuild; Dourdan was looking for something that combined the spirit of an old muscle machine with the ride, reliability, and features of a late-model sports car. When Ryan Friedlinghaus heard Dourdan's request, he knew he'd found a kindred spirit. "That was my dream, too," he says. And so they got busy on building a modern street rod.

The concept is a bit radical. Sean Mahaney, West Coast's resident fabricator, explains, "Instead of salvaging parts from



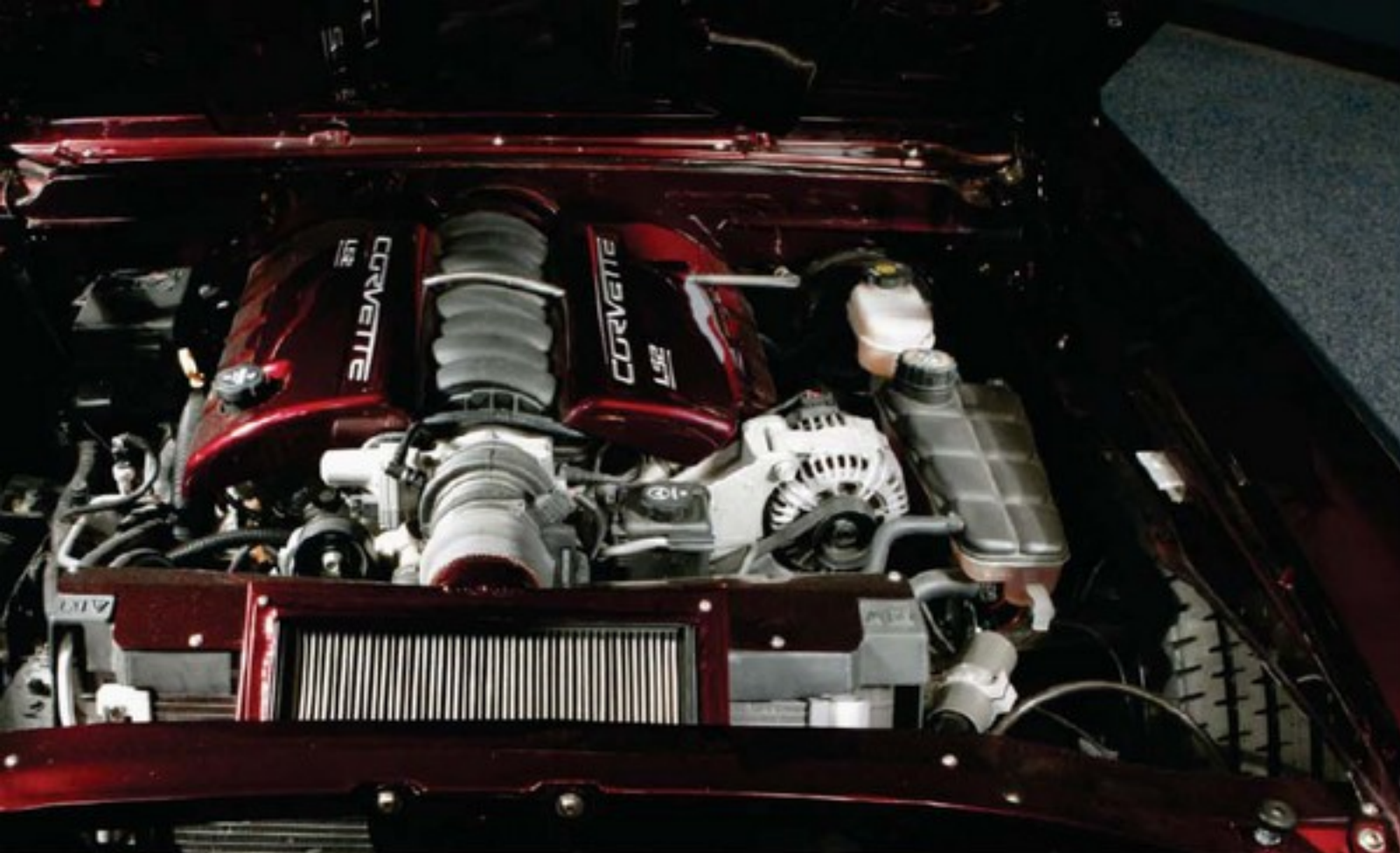
The Vette within

Interior specialist Angel Quintero wanted to maintain the stock look of the Corvette, but upgraded it with premium leather and carpet. "We combined the old Chevelle's dash with the Corvette's to make it look stock, but fit like a glove."

Finer points

"It's the minutiae that set this car apart," says Mahaney. "Most people wouldn't notice that the front window is flushed without any trim, or the shaved door handles, or the sleek-looking side mirrors, but that's what makes the Corvette special."





Under the hood

At a glance, you'd never know this car was a classic. The original housed a 350 Chevy big-block. A brand-new 505-horsepower, seven-liter LS7 aluminum-block engine powers the Corvella. "You can bring it to any Chevy dealer for service or repair; it's that simple," says Friedlinghaus.



Junk in the trunk

For Dourdan, a usable trunk was a necessity. The Chevelle's was mainly bare metal and big enough to hold several bodies. WCC added a custom fiberglass tub wrapped in premium King Ranch leather to give it a sleek, clean look.

other cars or building them custom like everybody does, we decided to buy a new car, transfer the Chevelle's body onto it, and make all the modern conveniences and features of the new car work within that shell."

Dourdan headed to a local Chevy dealer and bought a brand-new \$70,000 Corvette Z06. "It had everything we were looking for—the tech, the chassis, the brake system, the heads-up display, the power," he says. "Plus, it wasn't so expensive that I would feel like a complete dick cutting it up."



Master of suspense

The stock Chevy suspension had to be modified to accommodate both the added weight of the Chevelle and the lower ride height without affecting performance. The new Eibach coil-overs are adjustable via a dial (above) that's located on top of the LS7 engine's cover.



It took almost a year and more than 1,000 man-hours (and another 230 grand!) to complete, but when Dourdan finally got a look at his new street rod (christened "the Corvella" by WCC), things got a bit emotional. "I had tears in my eyes," he admits.

But the joy came when Dourdan climbed behind the wheel. "It was fast and the ride was smooth," he says. "The bushings used to creak going around turns. That doesn't happen anymore. It's tight, fast, and handles like a champ. I'm really diggin' that." He also loves the fact that underneath the beefy facade lie all of the latest technology and safety features. The air bags, stability and traction control, and


Pump it up

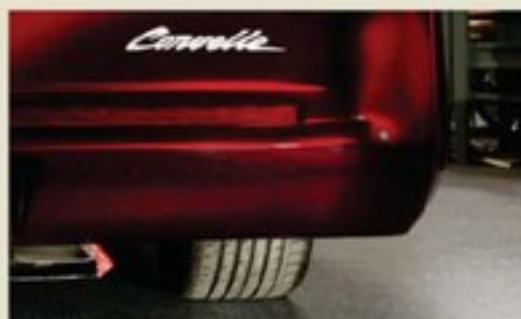
Shane Roberts put in a spare but kickin' sound system that doesn't take over the car. It consists of a Pioneer head unit in the dash, a/d/s speakers in the doors and rear panels, and a pair of PPI subs and amps flush-mounted in the rear deck.



antilock braking system all operate as if the car were still shod in the Corvette skin. Plus, it can be serviced by any Chevy dealer. "Any problem can be diagnosed by simply plugging this car into an electronic-diagnostic system," Dourdan says. "It'll blow mechanics' minds."

On the street, people do seem to lose their minds around it. "Everyone wants to race," Dourdan says. "This guy in a Ferrari challenged me in Hollywood and I dusted him. Afterward, he was like, 'Radical car, man.' It was cool. I had to call Ryan and let him hear this guy gush over the car." Even when he's out shopping, people can't help ogling the Corvella. "They don't even recognize me anymore," he admits. "They're too busy screaming and carrying on about the car. It's extremely flattering."

So what's next? "Obviously, we're going to do another car," Dourdan says. He and WCC are looking to modify a Dodge Charger in another past-meets-present collaboration and, later, a Ferrari GTO. "Check back in a year or so," Friedlinghaus says. "We'll have much more to talk about then." 



Reinventing the wheel

Style was essential for this build. WCC had a custom set of Asanti 20-inch wheels made, color-matched to the car and shod with low-profile tires.

Stifling Our Soldiers

While American troops need communication with friends and families more than ever, why are Army bureaucrats muzzling them?

By Matthew Currier Burden

For soldiers in a combat zone, Internet access is a godsend. Being able to stay in touch with family and friends—letting them know that you're okay, and knowing that your loved ones back home are also okay—provides a huge morale boost.

Before the Web, soldiers griped and wrote letters. Today's warriors blog about their lives in the war zone and, in some cases, cathartically work through their experiences so they can focus on their mission and maintain their sanity. As one Army wife put it, "It's cheaper than therapy."

Soldiers do what young people everywhere do: They use e-mail, blogs, MySpace, Flickr, PhotoBucket, and YouTube. But on April 19, the Army put a lid on these vital avenues of communication. GIs were ordered to stop sending e-mail and cease posting to Websites and blogs that had not been preapproved.

This draconian order was not in response to a security

problem—there had not been a significant leak of sensitive information. In fact, two years earlier, the Army had adopted a policy that successfully weighed soldiers' needs for communication against potential damage that might result from inadvertently revealing operations information.

Essentially, soldiers were required to register their blogs and MySpace pages with their commanders. Further, they were trusted to check with their commanders prior

to publishing a post if they thought there might be a security concern. This was acceptable to the vast majority of soldiers, and for two years there were no problems.

But for some reason—and no satisfactory explanation has been provided—the 2005 regulation wasn't strong enough for senior Army leaders. And in April, Army Regulation 530-1: Operations Security was issued, requiring the chain of command to preview all soldiers' electronic communication—including e-mail.

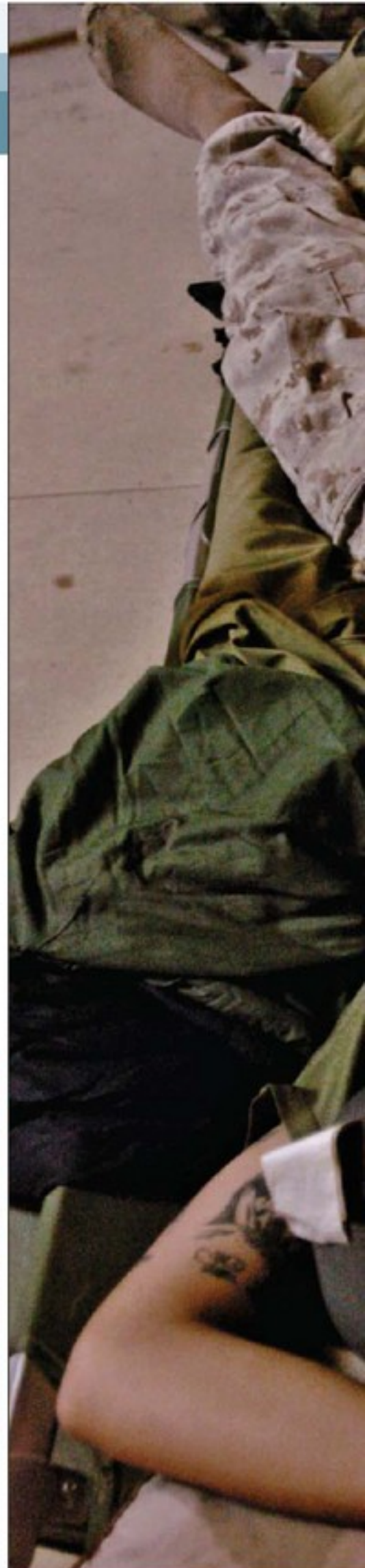
In response to those of us who protested this stifling new policy, the author of the guidelines, Major Ray Ceralde, was

Left and below: Marines of the 11th Marine Expeditionary Unit wait in tents at Al Asad air base in Iraq for flights to take them to Kuwait, then home.



quoted on Wired.com as saying that the policy wasn't as absolute as it sounded. "It is not practical to check all communication, especially private communication," he wrote in his e-mail response. "Some units may require that soldiers register their blog with the unit for identification purposes with occasional spot checks after an initial review. Other units may require a review before every posting."

Naturally, this haphazard language didn't fool anyone. Commanders would be inclined to cover their asses by cutting off communication. Censorship had become the rule of the day, and a firestorm erupted. GIs and their friends and families were



PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAYNE PALMOUR/IV NORTH COUNTY TIMES/POLARIS



outraged. A U.S. Army Reserve major wrote in an e-mail, "If the mil thinks they can keep this reservist from blogs, they can Kiss My Fucking Ass!" (As the founder of Blackfive, which has been called "one the most popular military blogs on the Internet," I obviously have a vested interest here. But as a citizen and a former soldier, I would be outraged by this censorship even if I had no idea how to turn on a computer.)

Three Republican senators, Norm Coleman (MN), Tom Coburn (OK), and Jim DeMint (SC), wrote to the Secretary of Defense, "Military blogs have helped military families stay connected with loved ones back home and have deepened public perception

GIs AND THEIR FRIENDS AND FAMILIES WERE OUTRAGED. A TYPICAL RESPONSE IS THIS E-MAIL FROM A FURIOUS ARMY RESERVE MAJOR: "IF THE MIL THINKS THEY CAN KEEP THIS RESERVIST FROM BLOGS, THEY CAN KISS MY FUCKING ASS!"


and understanding of both successes and setbacks that have occurred in the War on Terror."

The Pentagon quickly retreated into spin mode in the face of this attack. Major Ceralde worked with public-relations officers on a "fact sheet" that actually refuted some of the language in the regulation and stated that "soldiers do not have to seek permission from a supervisor to send personal e-mails.... However, if someone later posts an e-mail in a public forum containing information sensitive to OPSEC considerations, an issue may then arise."

Of course, long before the Internet, soldiers knew it was forbidden to disclose classified information—no one needed AR 530-1 to remind them of that! In fairness, it must be pointed out that censorship in previous wars was often much more extreme. But this "fact sheet," which seems to contradict the original regulation, is a reflection of the confusion and muddled thinking inherent in the administration of this war.

As Senator Ted Kennedy (D-MA) wrote to the acting Secretary of the Army, "I was pleased to see that... Major Ceralde believes there is some leeway in the policy.... However, the plain language of the policy does not support such leeway: It is unlikely that commanders, faced with harsh penalties such as court-martial, called for by the policy, will apply such a loose reading."

But the Pentagon has gone on to announce further free-speech restrictions on the military—this time banning 13 sites entirely, including YouTube and MySpace. Although the ban only applies to military computers ("freeing up space" was the reason a Pentagon spokesman gave), this is obviously another obstacle designed to prevent people in the war zone from communicating with the outside world.

At a time when the war in Iraq has become the leading issue of the 2008 presidential election, when GIs know that most Americans want to pull the plug after the terrible sacrifices of the past five years, this shortsighted, mean-spirited bureaucratic nit-picking is the last thing our soldiers need. And from a national-security perspective, it's probably the last thing the nation needs. As a master sergeant in Iraq states, "I really feel the Army is shooting itself in the foot here. People will leave the service or be forced to use anonymous names to continue blogging. This will present the Army with even greater challenges as soldiers will think they're safer using anonymous names and be more likely to say things they shouldn't." 

THE AUTHOR'S BOOK, *THE BLOG OF WAR: FRONT-LINE DISPATCHES FROM SOLDIERS IN IRAQ AND AFGHANISTAN*, WAS PUBLISHED LAST YEAR BY SIMON & SCHUSTER. HE BLOGS AT BLACKFIVE.NET.

Yahoo, Inc.

David Koechner has made a career out of playing rednecks, boors, and bumpkins in supporting roles. This summer he takes the lead in Fox Atomic's football-movie satire *The Comebacks*.

By J. Rentilly

David Koechner has a knack for knuckleheads. From Champ Kind, the buffoonish sportscaster he played in the 2004 hit *Anchorman: The Legend of Ron Burgundy*, to Todd Packer, his recurring character on NBC's *The Office*, to Gerald "T-Bones" Tibbons, the redneck schemer he plays on Comedy Central's *The Naked Trucker & T-Bones Show*, Koechner has perfected the brazen, id-fueled, pig-of-a-man type. His characters say things like, "It's anchorman, not anchorlady—and that's a scientific fact." Or they have personalized license plates that read WLHUNG. Or they sport muttonchops, a comb-over, and an American flag across one shoulder and spend their spare time plotting cheap cons.

"I don't see myself like that, but it's certainly in me—maybe it's half of me," Koechner says, laughing. "But I like to play those guys and watch them fall. That's satire." And it's an archetype he's been mining for comedy gold since 1995, when he got his start on the national stage as a *Saturday Night Live* cast member. In 1999, while filming the country-music mockumentary *Dill Scallion*, Koechner forged a partnership with onetime SNL writer David "Gruber" Allen, who had an improvisational act called *The Naked Trucker Show*. Koechner joined as Tibbons, a character he'd been honing for several years, based on a drifter from his hometown of Tipton, Missouri. This year, the duo brought its act to Comedy Central as *The Naked Trucker & T-Bones Show*, a blend of stand-up comedy, pretaped sketches—with cameos from the likes of Will Ferrell, Steve Carell, Paul Rudd, and Jack Black—and parody country

songs. The first season of the show comes out on DVD this summer, when Koechner attempts the tricky transition from character actor to lead, in Fox Atomic's gridiron comedy *The Comebacks*.

You've got your own TV show and a recurring role on *The Office*; you're in several movies, including a starring role in *The Comebacks*; and there's a new CD of *Naked Trucker & T-Bones* songs. What can't you do?

I can't cut a straight line with a saw. I'm not a good carpenter. That's what I can't do. Also, my father ran a manufacturing plant and, turns out, I'm a pretty shitty welder, too.

Watching the *Naked Trucker* pilot, I was caught by this throwaway line: "Oh, I made this beautiful thing, but I hate it. Someone please take advantage of me." Is this your artistic credo?

I'm so happy you caught that. I can't tell you how many TV critics have just completely not gotten our show. They miss the humor. That's not a joke, but it's a joke, right? It's not "setup, punch line." But it's funny. I don't know how to describe it without sounding like an asshole, but it's an ugly truth about artists and it's funny as hell because it's true. Let me try the flippant way to describe that: These aren't jokes, man; these are fucking poems.

You've got the lead in *The Comebacks*, a football comedy due out this summer. How is this role different from the ones that have made your name? He's more grounded, less bluster. It's playing straight against the comedic kids. He's the archetypal coach, so I get to lampoon that thing that everyone recognizes and knows—hard-ass, overly demonstrative, dumbass. It's fun to play all those things at once.

You were a *Saturday Night Live* cast member for one season. Was that pain or pleasure?

Both. It gave me my start. I was shocked and surprised that I wasn't renewed. I had three or four recurring characters, at least three impressions. I was really shocked to find out they weren't picking me up—although a couple of times they asked me to do things and I told them I didn't think they were good ideas. I didn't realize they weren't really looking for my opinion [laughs]. They may have thought I wasn't playing ball, so ... back to the minors. Right after that, I moved to L.A., met my wife, and we had four kids. I couldn't be happier. 

Role Call: David Koechner

Koechner riffs on four of his recent film roles.



1 ANCHORMAN

"It was my break—the most fun I've ever had making a film. I remember Paul Rudd, Steve Carell, and myself all went home after the first week and told our wives, 'Holy fuck, I don't think I'm funny enough for this fucking group of guys.' We all said the same thing without knowing it."



2 THANK YOU FOR SMOKING

"The director, Jason Reitman, was familiar with my work, and he still wanted me in the movie. Doing scenes between Aaron Eckhart and Maria Bello was a real treat for me. They are so good, and it was a great challenge to try to keep up."




3 THE DUKES OF HAZZARD

"I'm married with kids, and I want to stay married with kids. So I stayed home at night. All I can say is, if you're gonna get mixed up with Johnny Knoxville, it's all Bible verses, prayer meetings, and book clubs."



4 THE COMEBACKS

"This movie's on my back, and if I stumble, it will fall [laughs]. I play this archetypal football coach, and it's kind of a spoof of sports movies. We had a blast doing it. I think it turned out really well."



"IN *THE COMEBACKS*,
I GET TO LAMPOON
THAT THING
THAT EVERYONE
RECOGNIZES AND
KNOWS—HARD-
ASS, OVERLY
DEMONSTRATIVE,
DUMBASS."

The Doctor Is In

You're already jealous of their salaries and the whole saving lives thing. Now one horny young radiologist tells *Penthouse* why you have yet another reason to envy doctors. As told to Ronnie Koenig

Photograph by Nick Ferrari

People like to get all up in arms about how the sex on hospital shows like *Grey's Anatomy* is exaggerated—how could doctors get anything done if they were really screwing each other all the time? Well, as a former radiologist in a public hospital (these days I mostly teach and do clinical work), I'm here to tell you that I've had more than my fair share of on-the-job sex. Sure, it's a lot more awkward than what you see on TV and it usually doesn't happen within a team of doctors, but that hasn't stopped me from having some seriously hot encounters, including threesomes and foursomes.

Being 32 and single certainly hasn't hurt my prospects with female coworkers. In fact, most people don't peg me as a doctor at all—I have dark hair and a scruffy beard and look more hippie than preppy. But I'm guessing that's also what turns on some patients and colleagues.

The thing about medicine is that people tend to get really emotional. You're touching people all day, dealing with heightened emotions. Add in the long hours and it's no wonder that sex runs rampant in hospitals. As far as the pecking order goes, surgeons are the most cocky. They're the ones in constant close contact with operating-room staffers, scrub nurses, and residents. They're always cursing and talking dirty. There's an intensity factor to a doctor's job that lends itself to after-work drinks—and, in many cases, affairs. A friend of mine who's a top liver-transplant surgeon recently left his wife for a nurse. This kind of thing happens all the time.

I've had plenty of patients flirt with me and say suggestive things, especially attractive older women and grandmas looking to set me up with their single granddaughters. Sometimes patients will ask for unnecessary procedures just to get close to me. For example, there was a bowel patient who requested a rectal exam even though she didn't really

need one. (I obliged, since technically it was part of her care.)

There was also a semi-attractive psych patient who used to hit on me. The thought of having sex with her crossed my mind a few times. She had sexual issues, and part of me wanted to save her from a distorted view of sex. I was also into the idea of pushing the envelope regarding the "no socializing with patients" rule. I wondered if I could cure her through personal private work, even though I have no training in that area. We spent a few afternoons taking walks together and talking. I told her what getting high feels like and invited her to a party. Unfortunately, she ended up smoking pot that night, totally freaking out, and curling up in the fetal position. Afterward, I would drive by her place just to make sure she hadn't offed herself. This was one time I was pretty appalled at what I'd done, and resolved to stay away from psych patients in the future.

Although I have been hit on by patients, most of the time I find myself hooking up with subordinates—nurses and X-ray technicians. I've had plenty of success with women who are underneath me (so to speak). Let's face it, women want to be with someone impressive, and in the hierarchy of the hospital, that means doctors.

During my internship, I started dating this blonde X-ray tech—she

One day during my shift, I met up with a nurse who had a crush on me. I led her to a stairwell and just starting kissing her. She and I were groping each other and knew anyone could come up or down the stairs at any moment.

was really sexual, very attractive, and totally into anal. After a while, I realized things weren't going to work out, so I passed her on to an older colleague who was kind of fat and bald. (Strangely, five years later, they're still a couple!) I got to watch the two of them have sex. It was a real turn-on for me because it was the first time he ever did her in the ass. Another time, the three of us got together with another intern—this pretty (and conservative) Indian girl. We were at her apartment and the bald guy and I were drunk and decided to take off our clothes and start dancing. Eventually it turned into a mini orgy.

Sex between colleagues doesn't just happen after hours. As any doctor will tell you, the on-call room is a place where docs do more than rest. There's usually a bed or a couch in these rooms, so that's where I'd meet the blonde X-ray tech when we were feeling horny. There wasn't much danger of getting caught because we'd usually hang out late at night, but I have to admit that I liked pushing the limits of what I could get away with. Amazingly, I've never walked in on anyone having sex and no one has caught me—as far as I know. One day during my shift, I met up with a nurse who had a crush on me. I led her to a stairwell and just started kissing her. She and I were groping each other and knew anyone could come up or down the stairs at any moment, so eventually we moved our makeout session back to her place. She sat on top of me and spun around—a full 360 degrees! That was pretty wild.

But the most risky situation I ever put myself in was having sex with my boss. I was in training and she was the attending doctor. She was this beautiful foreign woman, several years older than I was and a single mother. We had a percolating sexual tension—I'd drive her to meetings and we'd spend a lot of time together. Finally, toward the end of my training, I decided to be bold and tell her I thought she was attractive. I could tell she was looking at me as a potential father for her kid, so I started to pull back a little. But she kept flirting with me, so I ended up taking her dancing and then back to my parents' place (they were out of town). I drew a bath for the two of us and we ended up having sex in there. After that, I got a job at a different hospital and we never saw each other again. 



Band Aid

The newly minted rock gods known as Operator take a break from the road to tour the Penthouse Club. This afternoon, singer Johnny Strong had St. Louis in the palm of his hand. Tonight, he has Vegas in his lap.

By Jason Harper Photographs by Scott Ferguson





Operator in the VIP lounge (from left to right): guitarists Paul Phillips and Rikki Lixx, frontman Johnny Strong, bassist Wade Cargenter, drummer Dorman Pantfoeder

Several weeks before their debut album will place them firmly on the hard-rock map, the Los Angeles band Operator has spent the day paying dues. Rock's next big thing played a 12:45 p.m. set before Papa Roach on a side stage at St. Louis's Verizon Wireless Amphitheater. The side-show-attraction status or having to warm up the crowd for Papa Roach don't faze Operator singer Johnny Strong, who lowers himself into a plush chair at the VIP lounge of the Penthouse Club in St. Louis. "The hardest part about this tour," he says, "is being in a situation where you might be playing with some dog-shit bands, and you still gotta get up there in front of the crowd and kick ass." But now he's kicking back, speaking in quieter tones to the bronze-skinned brunette perched on his knee. "What's your name?" he asks.

"Vegas," she responds.

Strong and his bandmates have taken over the VIP lounge, where girls in corsets, panties, and garters make the L.A. boys feel right at home amid the leopard-print carpet. By the entrance, a stuffed Barbary lion baring a mouthful of fangs looms over a small fishpond: *Touch my goldfish and lose an arm, motherfucker*. These rockers aren't exactly the cigar-bar crowd, but guitarists Rikki Lixx and Paul James Phillips, bassist Wade Carpenter, and drummer Dorman Pantfoeder look content as they ease into the leather couches with their smokes

and their drinks while Vegas and her colleagues—the honey-haired former bull rider Bobbie Jo and the fair-haired knockout Kayla—drape themselves on the band. They're followed by the pert, busty Aspen, whose long, silky brown hair and dark eye makeup give her an irresistible goth-next-door look.

The band is full of anticipation these days. Their debut album, *Soulcrusher*, single-handedly rejuvenates the hard-rock sound that's been missing since classic nineties bands Alice in Chains and Soundgarden. And their sexy video (also called "Soulcrusher") has been heating up the Web. Playing daytime gigs at festivals is all part of the master plan. The band started the day watching some inspiring Pantera videos in the tour bus, then Strong, shirtless and tattooed, led Operator through a thunderous set before a mosh-hungry crowd. "One thing I hate in this world is pussy motherfuckers!" he yelled as he towered over the throng. Throughout their set, crowd surfers rode the sea of hands, traveling from the back of the pit to the arms of beefy security guards in



the front. At the show's climax, Strong jumped down into the fray, stood on the iron fence holding back the crowd, arched his back, and unleashed the final notes of "What You Get" in a cathartic howl.

Vegas takes a particular liking to Strong, who's sucking down bottled water and keeping his smoke secondhand. Strong's physique has helped him land roles in action films (*Black Hawk Down*, *The Fast and the Furious*) and make it as a mixed-martial-arts fighter who could potentially compete in the UFC. In other words, he makes Henry Rollins look like Butterbean.

Strong thrives on competition. "You never know when shit's gonna



go down," he says, "and I want to be the strongest motherfucker on the battlefield."

Apparently, this preparedness extends to grappling with his bandmates. "Johnny got pissed the other day," recalls Carpenter. "We spar all the time and I clocked him a little harder than I should have. He kicked me so hard, I couldn't walk for a day and a half."


Vegas doesn't seem to mind Strong's gruff exterior. She straddles

him on the easy chair as he wraps one hand around her neck and tousles her hair with the other. On the far side of the couch, Bobbie Jo stretches out on the laps of Lixx and Phillips. Kayla and Carpenter make like old acquaintances. The tanned beauty runs her hands through

"DO THEY HAVE TO HAVE THEIR CLOTHES ON?" STRONG WONDERS ALOUD, AND SOON RECEIVES HIS ANSWER.

the rocker's soft Mohawk and nuzzles his neck.

At one point, Wade starts waxing about groupie sex backstage, until one strap of Vegas's dress mysteriously frees itself from her shoulder and the bandmates instantly christen Strong a "Jedi." Strong wonders aloud, "Do they have to have their clothes on?" and soon receives his answer. Vegas's dress comes up, while Bobbie Jo's top opens up. The bulbs flash.

And then, the clock strikes 12 and it's time to get back on the bus. It's only midnight, but the next gig is eight hours away in Iowa. Meanwhile, for the other patrons inside the Penthouse Club, the night is just beginning. 

Pet of the Month

lounge act

She's in an empty McMansion with nothing to do but listen to music, feed the dog, and maybe take a quick dip in the pool. Jana Jordan plays house while the cats are away and she's home free.

Photographs by Misha







"I love my dog. She's
a one-year-old
Chihuahua named
Bubblegum. I got her
off the side of a road
in Houston. She's my
little buddy. She goes
everywhere with me."





"At home I relax by watching TV and getting on MySpace. There's a pool at my house, so I love just hanging out poolside. In my opinion, there's nothing better than sleeping."



"I don't work out, but I've been surfing since I was four. My dad taught me back in Texas. It's pretty much the only sport I do."

Q Jana Jordan Pet of the Month August 2007

Vital stats:

21 years old, 5'3"
 32-24-32

Qualities you like most in yourself:

"I'm drama free!"

Pick anyone in the past, present, or future you want to sleep with:

"Debbie Harry. She's fearless."

Real-life heroes:

"Bettie Page"

Pick any place on your body for an erogenous zone:

"My cheek"

If you could be famous for just one thing?

"I'd want to be famous for being a fun, girl-next-door porn star."

Your proudest moment?

"Moving to L.A. all on my own! I'm from a really small Texas town where people don't really leave, so it was a huge step."

Were you a wild teenager?

"Sometimes I went to school without wearing panties and I'd pull my skirt up and walk down the hallway."

Favorite sound:

"Waterfalls"

Would you rather lose the ability to have orgasms or your right arm?

"Orgasms. I need my right arm."

Pick any band to be a groupie for:

"The Sounds. The girl singer is just crazy hot. They travel to a lot of cool places that I've never been to."

Jana Jordan

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of THE BIG RIP







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PRIMAL URGES

Don't think for a minute that you're the first freak on your family tree. Turns out our ancestors were getting down and dirty in the back of the cave in more ways than we'd like to think about. One of the leading experts and cultural theorists on the history of sexuality, Timothy F. Taylor, Ph.D., discovered that cavemen didn't just get it on to procreate. The results of his study can be found in Michael R. Kauth's *Handbook of the Evolution of Human Sexuality*.

1. GROUP SEX

In Taylor's earlier work, *The Prehistory of Sex: Four Million Years of Human Sexual Culture*, he reveals that archeologists uncovered an Ice Age threesome involving two men sandwiching a woman. One man's hands were placed over the woman's pelvic region and, for unknown reasons, a spear was piercing his genitals.

2. SEX TOYS

Scientists have unearthed clay figurines of naked women with clearly defined vaginas and clitorises, and woolly mammoth-inspired ivory phalluses (read: dildos) that date back 30,000 years.

3. BONDAGE

In Russia, archaeologists unearthed Ice Age-era carvings of naked women with exaggerated breasts and buttocks, their wrists bound in front of their bellies. According to Taylor, these could depict sexual-bondage acts and might have been pornography.

4. TRANSVESTISM

Some of the adolescents living around the Black Sea suffered from crushed testicles due to constant horseback riding. There is an upside, however: People believed their tiny balls gave the young men special powers. Some of them became cross-dressing magicians known as Enarees.

5. BESTIALITY

Rock engravings from the Bronze Age found in the Italian Alps and in Siberia depict men getting it on with donkeys and elk.



Primitive Love

Five things you never knew about your kinky cavemen ancestors

HARD NEWS

A COMPENDIUM OF CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

RANDY REVERENDS



Devoted to Deviancy

Religious leaders love to tell their flocks how to behave, but they don't always follow their own advice. Can you match these holy hypocrites to their misdeeds?

1 JIM BAKKER

The former host of *The P.T.L. [Praise the Lord] Club* and founder of the now-defunct Heritage USA Christian theme park once said, "God wants you to be rich."

2 HERMAN LEWIS

The senior pastor at Washington State's Morning Star Baptist Church wrote on his résumé that his objective was "to save that which is lost by the grace of God and his son Jesus, with the help of the Holy Spirit."

3 TED HAGGARD

The former senior pastor of the 14,000-member New Life Church in Colorado Springs and president of the National Association of Evangelicals said in the documentary *Jesus Camp*, "We don't have to debate about what we should think about homosexual activity. It's written in the Bible."

A HOLY HYPOCRITE A

- Tried to pay a restaurant worker \$50 for sex
- Assaulted someone who attempted to intervene as he was dragging the worker out of the restaurant
- Admitted to leading a double life for 30 years, frequently hiring prostitutes and using crack and PCP

B HOLY HYPOCRITE B

- Was outed by a male prostitute who claimed that this evangelist did meth with him and paid him for sex nearly every month for three years
- Admitted to "sexual immorality" but denied the drug use after allegations surfaced
- Spent three weeks at a "rehab" center to "cure" him of homosexuality

C HOLY HYPOCRITE C

- His former secretary accused him of sexually assaulting her and using \$265,000 of his organization's money to keep her quiet
- Racked up millions of dollars in fraud, which was discovered by the IRS
- Served five years for mail fraud, wire fraud, and conspiracy

Answers: 1. C; 2. A; 3. B

£20,000

The value of carp killed by thousands of horny toads in a popular fishing lake in England. The amphibians asphyxiated half the lake's fish by mounting and trying to mate with them.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (FROM LEFT) CHUCK BURTON/AP PHOTO, KXLY4, AP PHOTO

POWER MADAMS

For a Good Time, Call...

America just can't seem to get enough of powerful women and their little black books. Madams have been helping Hollywood run smoothly for years, and now it looks like Washington is getting in on the game. Here's what you need to know about the big three:

HEIDI FLEISS



Scandal: The 27-year-old's elite call-girl ring was busted in 1993. She spent 20 months in the slammer and served the remainder of her 37-month sentence at a halfway house. But she saw the inside of a courtroom again when her ex-boyfriend, actor Tom Sizemore, was convicted on domestic-violence charges.

Named client: Charlie Sheen

You can find her: running her West Hollywood boutique

JODY "BABYDOL" GIBSON



Scandal: This blonde bombshell was hauled away in 1999 for running an international prostitution ring in 16 U.S. states and Europe, employing more than 300 women.

Named clients: Ben Affleck, Bruce Willis, Steve Jones, Jim Belushi

You can find her: possibly testifying at Phil Spector's murder trial; hawking her autobiography, *Secrets of a Hollywood Super Madam*

DEBORAH JEANE PALFREY



Scandal: In April, this high-class mother hen began battling charges that she ran a prostitution ring that catered to Washington clients for 13 years. Her little black book? Try 46 pounds of phone records that she gave to ABC News.

Alleged clients: Randall L. Tobias, a Bush lackey who denounced prostitution and promoted abstinence over condom use to prevent the spread of AIDS; "shock and awe" military strategist Harlan Ullman

You can find her: mired in a court trial that, sadly, may inspire more yawns than we'd hoped

DEFINITION

Poontang ('pōōn-tāng') *n.*

Though the origin of this slang term for pussy is a mystery, it is likely derived from the French word *putain*, which means "prostitute" and can be traced back to the Latin term *putere*, which means "to be rotten, stink."

Two other Romance languages use this classical word in similarly modern

terms—the Spanish slang word *puta* means "whore," and *spaghetti alla puttanesca*, the name of a popular Italian pasta dish, means "whore's spaghetti."

THEY SAID IT



"Sex scenes are easy... It was quite liberating in the movie *Domino* to be in the middle of the desert completely topless with a beautiful Venezuelan guy. I was very lucky."
—Keira Knightley

the Kentucky Kid *vs.* *the* World

Owensboro's own Nicky Hayden stunned the MotoGP circuit by winning the title last season and reigniting American interest in this global motor sport. This year his international opponents are taking aim, and Hayden is feeling the pressure that comes with being No. 1.

By Greg Lalas

Nicky Hayden is frustrated. He just finished 17th out of 19 riders at Friday's practice session for the motorcycle Grand Prix of Turkey, and now he's standing outside his trailer at Istanbul Park racetrack, facing a cluster of journalists who want to know what the hell's going on. After all, 25-year-old Hayden is the reigning MotoGP world champion, and world champions aren't supposed to come in 17th position, not even in practice.

"Obviously, I need to do something different," Hayden says, shaking his head. His arms are folded across his blue Repsol Honda Team sweater, his lips are tight, and his fierce dark eyes are shuttered behind big black Oakleys. It isn't just here in Turkey that things are going awry, it's been at every race—in Doha, Qatar, and Jerez, Spain.... This is exactly how 2007 was *not* supposed to play out for Nicky Hayden. This was meant to be the year the "the Kentucky Kid" became "The Man"—capital T, capital M. He was supposed to contend for another title, and he had hopes of attracting flocks of new American fans to MotoGP, the world's premier class of motorcycle racing.

"I guess right now I'm not a good salesman for MotoGP," Hayden says.

That's not what anyone in the sport wants to hear. A good

salesman is precisely what MotoGP is looking for: a Lance Armstrong, a Tony Hawk, a Shaun White—a prodigious talent with a *SportsCenter* personality to carry it beyond Europe—where the sport is hugely popular—and onto the mainstream American sports fan's radar. Unfortunately, the pressure seemed to get to Hayden once he'd been fitted for his Pied Piper costume.

MotoGP is motorcycle racing's equivalent of Formula One. "It's the best riders on the best bikes on the best tracks in the world," says Hayden, who joined the series in 2003. To run a bike for a season costs between \$3 million and \$4 million. There's nothing stock about these machines. Completely hand-built prototypes, they can pump out 240 horsepower, exceed 200 miles per hour, and do two-plus g's on the corners. Essentially, they're missiles on wheels with a seat.

Between 1949 and 1977, British and Italian riders owned the Grand Prix. After Kenny Roberts took the title in 1978, other American riders, including Kevin Schwantz and Wayne Rainey, mounted an invasion of MotoGP, winning 13 of the next 16 titles. Since that stretch, though, the U.S. trophy case has mainly collected dust. Hayden is only the second Yank to bring home the world championship since 1993.

Hayden's first career victory came, appropriately enough,

Hayden won the world
championship in 2006,
but has found little
to lift his spirits this season.



Rocket Men

in the 2005 inaugural Red Bull U.S. Grand Prix in Laguna Seca, California. The race marked MotoGP's return to the U.S. market for the first time since 1993, and a sold-out crowd of 130,000-plus proved the sport has potential on these shores. The 2006 event drew another full house and enticed celebrities, including Pamela Anderson, to mingle in the paddock. Hayden won again, en route to the world title. This season, MTV is filming Hayden's every move for a reality show titled *The Kentucky Kid*, scheduled to air this fall. In May, CBS signed a deal to broadcast several races live, and the third installment of the Red Bull U.S. GP goes off on July 20. Plus, according to several sources, MotoGP will race at Indy next summer. But there's still no American hero in the sport—even if Hayden did start the ball rolling with his world title last year. "Nicky's win has motivated all of us Americans to win," says John "Hopper" Hopkins, a four-year MotoGP veteran from Ramona, California. "Hell, we just saw Nicky do it. We saw him beat Valentino."

Valentino is Valentino Rossi of Italy, the man Hayden stunned to take the 2006 title. A five-time world champion, Rossi reportedly rakes in \$30 million annually, and was ranked number 64 on *Forbes's* 2006 list of the top 100 celebrities—one ahead of Halle Berry. Rossi has personality, elite talent, and impish good looks—all of which make him the driving force behind MotoGP's popularity, particularly with female fans. Stitched into the neck of his riding suit are the letters *WLF*, which stand for "Viva la figa," or "Long live pussy" (the *W* represents the two *V*'s in *Viva*).

Rossi is skilled and fearless and a master at head games. After Hayden assumed the No. 1 plate for his 2006 championship (his previous number was 69), Rossi told the young American, "The No. 1 is very heavy on the bike."

"Rossi has a God-given talent," says Julian Ryder, a commentator for Eurosport television. "He also has the pure bloody-minded will to say, 'I will do this because I want to.'"

In other words, Rossi is exactly what MotoGP would like Hayden to be for the sport in the U.S.

Up and down pit row, bike engines whine as mechanics tweak timing, dampen suspensions, anything to shave a few fractions of a second off the lap time. This is the Saturday qualifying session, and even hundredths matter.

Nicky Hayden sits in his garage, helmet on, still as Buddha. He's looking to put yesterday's dismal ride behind him. That performance, like all of his difficulties this year, can be traced to a single rule change in MotoGP. Hayden rides with a "loose" style, which means he slides through the corners with his rear wheel way out wide. It's a remnant of his dirt-track days back in the U.S.



Twenty-one-year-old Casey Stoner of Australia (top left) has replaced the U.S.'s Nicky Hayden (left and above) as this season's MotoGP upstart, with several podium finishes. But Italy's Valentino Rossi (far right) remains the sport's biggest star, and Americans are still making an impact, as John Hopkins (right) placed third in Shanghai and Kenny Roberts Jr. (below) followed in the footsteps of his dad, former world champ Kenny Roberts Sr.



Two-Wheeled Rocket

Our intrepid reporter hits 160 on a MotoGP machine.

20 MPH

I'm sitting on the back of a modified Ducati "Two-Seater" MotoGP bike when my driver, Randy Mamola, tells me, "We're going to do 160. You just relax and enjoy it."

No problem, I reply, and the former MotoGP racer slowly twists the accelerator.

The bike rockets forward, jerking me back like I've just been shot. I stare at Mamola's

helmet as he clicks up through the gears ... 100 ... 120 ... 140 ... 1-fuckin'-60! Everything blurs, my stomach seizes up, I grip the handlebars so hard my hands hurt, and I repeat to

myself: Don't fall off. Don't fall off. Don't fall off.

Before I know it, Mamola pounds on the brake. My body slams forward, butt lifts off the seat, every muscle strains

to resist the two-plus *g*'s of force. Blood rushes to my brain. For some reason, my shins hurt.

Then we dive into corner one. Imagine flying through

80 MPH



and was an asset—after sliding around a corner, he had enough power in his 990-cc Honda to recoup speed in a heartbeat. This year, though, a new MotoGP regulation has dropped engine size down to 800 cc. The resulting loss in power demands a more technical style that keeps both wheels in line through corners. Hayden simply hasn't mastered it yet.

The Europeans, on the other hand, have grown up on street bikes and raced in MotoGP's minor leagues, where engines are smaller and demand the technical style. The rule change was instituted to encourage technical riding, and it creates a nuance that's at the heart of an unspoken U.S.-versus-the-world dynamic in the paddock. "Oh, definitely, it exists," one mechanic says. "The powers that be really want a European to win."

The MotoGP old guard has mixed feelings—about Hayden, about the potential Americanization of the sport, and about a perceived lack of sophistication among Americans. For them, the Americans in MotoGP are like so many McDonald's—or better yet, KFCs—on the Champs-Élysées. The Internet-board geeks love to claim that Hayden didn't so much win the title in '06 as Rossi lost

it, crashing out in the last race.

Hayden's qualifying session here in Turkey will do little to change his critics' minds. He finishes sixth. Rossi, of course, takes pole position.

The following day, motorcycle riders hoisting colorful banners pack the O-4 highway leading to Istanbul Park. A crowd of 40,000 is expected—not bad for Turkey, but nowhere near the 200,000-strong hordes seen at MotoGP stops in Italy and Spain.

Before the race, dark-haired girls sashay around the paddock wearing miniskirts and tight shirts emblazoned with sponsor names. Gaggles of Italian men sporting sweaters tied around their necks and

wayfarer sunglasses stroll from one hospitality suite to the next. Mechanics make last-minute adjustments or dart back to their trucks for a part.

As the start time nears, the paddock empties and a strange quiet envelops the entire track—as if someone sucked out the stadium air. When the green light flashes, the 19 bikes roar off as one. They're inches apart, traveling 100 miles an hour, jockeying for position. They dive into the corner, roll through at an implausible angle, then straighten up before leaning the other way for turn two and disappearing over the ridge.

Rossi falls victim to malfunctioning tires and winds up in tenth, but his fans will still wait for him in the paddock after the race squealing, "Vale! Vale!" Australian Casey Stoner cruises to victory on a Ducati. Hayden holds the sixth position for most of the 22 laps, until Hopkins powers past him on the last turn.

When it's over, Hayden is frustrated—again. He disappears, and the PR guy guards the trailer. In two weeks, the series will move to Shanghai and Hayden will continue to struggle, finishing 12th.

Two weeks after that, in France, Hayden will be in fourth place for most of the race before suffering a spectacular crash with three laps to go. Hayden's title defense may be unraveling—the No. 1 is indeed heavy—but his compatriots are feeding off his inspirational 2006 season. Hopkins made the podium in Shanghai, two weeks after Istanbul, and appeared headed for another top-three finish in Le Mans, France, until the wet conditions got the better of him. Colin Edwards of Houston won the pole at Le Mans and stood in eighth place in the overall standings. Indeed, at press time there were three Americans—Hayden, Edwards, and Hopkins—in the MotoGP top ten, a feat only one other nation could match. That country? Rossi's Italy, of course. **OT—**



ROSSI IS A MASTER AT HEAD GAMES. AFTER HAYDEN ASSUMED THE NO. 1 PLATE FOR HIS 2006 TITLE, ROSSI TOLD THE AMERICAN, "THE NO. 1 IS VERY HEAVY ON THE BIKE."

160MPH

a hurricane with the windows open and the airplane banked on its side. We're doing 80, leaning at a 45-degree angle, and I just want it to stop. I dredge up my first motorcycle

lesson—Look through the turn!—and crouch as Mamola guns us upright and onto the straight.... One turn down. And 15 more to go, on this lap alone.





rock star

On a pebble-strewn beach on a sun-kissed Greek island, 19-year-old Czech-born Veronika Fasterova bares her soul about lust, life, and rock 'n' roll.

Photographs by Mark Goldberg



"I've always had a thing for hard rockers. A man who can play guitar or belt out a song has the edge I'm looking for, and if his sound makes me tingle all over, I'm hooked."



"Music is like a magic elixir. Whether I'm modeling on a warm beach or someplace chilly, I just hum a song that inspires me to move my body in a sexy way. Usually I can feel the vibes from my fingers to my toes."



"I was born the same year that Guns N' Roses released *Appetite for Destruction*, and it feels like that was destiny. When I listened to it for the first time, it changed my life. I even got a rose tattoo on my ankle."







"There's a calmer side to me that dreams of running off with a man after I make my fortune and traveling the world. We'll eat, drink, and have sex all day with tunes blasting. Now that would be Paradise City."



Veronika





"It's cliché for a model to date a rock star, but I need excitement and a little danger to keep me aroused. Nothing's better than a wild party where anything can happen."

WE'RE LOOKING FOR THE HOTTEST GIRLS IN AMERICA. GO TO PENTHOUSEMODELS.COM TO SEE MORE OF VERONIKA. VISIT PENTHOUSE.COM/VERONIKA

The SkE book Vol. V

How to seem like a better person without actually doing anything. This month: all about relationships.
 By Amir Blumenfeld, Ethan Trex, and Neel Shah
 Photograph by Nick Ferrari

SIX FIRST-TIME DO'S AND DON'TS

Intercourse causes one to feel an odd mix of triumph, self-loathing, and lubricant-greased fingers. At this point, whether you're a guy or a girl, the last thing you want is having the other person spend the night. Then you've got to find them a toothbrush, see if they want to borrow something to sleep in, worry about breakfast, and make a concerted effort not to wet the bed. Sex is supposed to be fun, and that sounds like work. That said, you can't just throw your partner out on the street—you need to at least give off the impression that you're a considerate human being. Some tips:

- Don't say, "Thanks for the fuck, now get dressed," while throwing their clothes at them like you're playing some sort of demented game of dodgeball.
- Do think ahead. Earlier in the evening, mention some vague reason you'll be getting up early in the morning. Usually saying you "have a thing ... real early" is good enough. Nobody wants to wake up at the crack of dawn.
- Don't buy a twin bed. While this dorm classic would keep overnight guests away, it's also an effective deterrent to real-

world sex. On the plus side, you can get Smurf sheets on eBay.

- Do offer to walk or drive the person home, or at least to their subway/bus stop. This way, you look considerate but you still get rid of them. "Seriously, put your coat on, we're leaving. I am not letting you walk home alone. Right now."
- Don't talk in your sleep. Sleep-talking is incredibly creepy and can scare a woman from ever speaking to you again.
- Do snore. Serious girlfriends have to deal with snoring boyfriends all night long. In casual relationships, though, the girl will almost always opt to sleep in peace at home.

SECRET CRUSHES AND WHEN TO END THEM

You meet somebody new. There is an attraction there. A spark. A hint of chemistry. For some reason or another you can't do anything about it. She's unavailable. You're too young. You're not drunk. She's your cousin. She's fictional. The reasons are infinite, but the results are always the same. You are falling secretly in love with this person and she has no idea.

You need to imagine your crush as a fruit fly: Give it a life expectancy of two weeks before crushing it with a swatter and flushing it down the toilet of repression. Crushes that last longer than two weeks begin to linger in loser territory and eventually fully set up shop in Patheticville, U.S.A. While it may seem romantic that you have been crushing on the same girl for five years, it's actually the thing about you that your friends hate the most.



WHILE IT MAY SEEM ROMANTIC THAT YOU HAVE BEEN CRUSHING ON THE SAME GIRL FOR FIVE YEARS, IT'S ACTUALLY THE THING ABOUT YOU THAT YOUR FRIENDS HATE THE MOST.



"What can I do?" you say. "I can't pretend I don't like her anymore." Actually, that's exactly what you should do. First you need to convince your friends that you are over her, then eventually you will have to convince yourself. If you lie to yourself long enough, it becomes truth. If that doesn't work, get a new crush. Most people are capable of having only one, so once you get a new crush, the old one will be mathematically eliminated. How about that girl from the supermarket cash register? You think she asks everybody if they have a club card? Doubtful, stud.

MEETING A GIRL'S PARENTS


Meeting your young lady's parents is possibly the most nerve-racking part of dating. It doesn't really have to be, though, since most reasonable parents will yield to their daughter's judgment as long as you don't behave like a complete sociopath. Parents are basically looking for three things: (a) that you're polite; (b) that you're not potentially violent; and (c) that you have some sort of decent career prospects. If you can string this stuff together, they'll probably consent to tolerating you at every other family holiday until they die and leave a disappointingly small inheritance. Why did they put so much money in pork bellies?

No matter what, you can fool them into accepting you. Just follow these steps:

- Be respectful. Give each of them a firm handshake and look them in the eye. Don't call them by their first names until they ask you to.
- Remember to say "please," "thank you," and, if you want huge points, "Yes, ma'am." Also, if you're going to their home, don't forget to bring a small gift like a bottle of wine. (A box of wine may be a little more expensive, but it doesn't work as a gesture of appreciation.)
- Don't voice any opinions. These people realize you're banging their daughter, so don't give them any reason to dislike you by voicing any potentially controversial political, religious, or cultural opinions. If the parents try to directly engage you, chuckle and say, "That's a pretty complex issue. Now, who wants a brownie?"



- Treat this like a date, only with two people. Remember how you got this girl into you in the first place, then extrapolate to her parents. They're normal people, so they'll like talking about themselves. Ask lots of questions, nod in interest, and interject any appropriate wisdom you may have. Otherwise, just keep them talking about themselves. This serves the dual purpose of keeping them from asking prying questions about you while also giving you great personal fodder for ...
- Your thank-you note. If you go to dinner at her parents' home, you absolutely must write a thank-you note to show your appreciation. Pepper it with personal references like, "I hope your palsy isn't acting up as much today, but I didn't mind when your disobedient limbs flung that bowl of green beans at me!" This shows that you were paying attention and want to establish a deeper connection. Keep it polite, but not overly dramatic. Which means no signing it, "Love, Your Future Son-in-Law."

Follow these steps and there isn't a sex tape on earth that could surface that would make her parents love you any less. "Oh, you two lovebugs are so cute!" 

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Male Enhancement Pills . . .

Is it a Hoax or Do They Really Work?

Dr. Daniel Stein, M.D.

I wish I had a dollar for every patient or person that asked me over the last few years about increasing the size of "that certain part of the male body." The preoccupation with size that men have is a mystery to most women. The fact is it is completely normal for most men to want to be larger. It doesn't matter if they are smaller than average, average, or larger than average. It's even been my experience that guys that are almost too big, so big in fact that many women won't go near them with a ten foot pole (sorry about that) still want to be larger!

I was so intrigued by this fact that I started to do research about the "so called" male enhancement pills that came on the market several years ago. The concept that a simple pill could noticeably increase the size of a man's organ seemed plausible, but I wanted to know more. I had done much research over the years about certain sexually enhancing compounds available, so I believed the concept was sound that a pill could be made to make a man larger.

My first task was to look at some of the ads I had seen in magazines for male enhancement. There were some amazing claims by many of these makers. My personal favorite was a cream that claimed to make men instantly larger. I had to laugh out loud when I read what it said. The ad read, "apply cream, rub vigorously, watch it grow." I thought for a minute and then decided you could put virtually anything on a man, including guacamole, and if he rubbed vigorously it would grow. Then there was an ad for a pill, that if taken daily, would increase the length of a man by 3 to 4 inches in just a few *short* days (sorry about the "short" comment).

I'm sorry, but after all those years of medical school, I know enough about anatomy to know that a guy who is 5 inches in length isn't going to add 3 to 4 inches to his little friend unless he buys a rope, gets a large brick, finds a bridge and...well, you get the picture. At about this time I was beginning to think that perhaps these makers hadn't found the magic mixture of compounds I had hoped they might have.

As the founder of both the Stein Medical Institute and the Foundation for Intimacy, I have spent most of my adult life trying to improve men and

"a pill that, if taken daily, would increase the length of a man by 3 to 4 inches."

women's sexual health. I pride myself on being the best medical doctor I can be and my reputation is important to me. So, when out of the clear blue sky, I got a call from the makers of Extenze, the leader in male enhancement, wanting me to be in one of their TV commercials, I thought, "Boy, did they pick the wrong guy!"

Little did they know that I had done real research into this concept and had recently looked at some of these male enhancement products. But the makers of Extenze seemed to be genuinely

convinced that their product really worked, and they claim to have sold over 100 million capsules to men all over the world. "Over 100 million capsules taken by men." With that single declaration, they had my interest. Either Extenze really worked or these guys were the world's greatest snake oil salesmen. So I requested that they send me Extenze formula so I could review it, then we would talk.



I then visited the Extenze.com web site, where I found a page that showed the top twelve adult film stars, all holding Extenze and endorsing it. I thought to myself, "Is it possible Extenze actually works?"

The next day I received the proprietary Extenze formula and there it was, virtually all of the ingredients that I hoped would be in a male enhancement product, 19 pharmaceutical grade nutraceuticals. There was Yohimbe (which used to be available by prescription only,) L-Arginine, Maca...all of it was there.



I contacted the makers of Extenze the very next day and asked them what they needed me for. They explained that they had a desire to have a medical doctor in their T.V. commercials to talk about the effectiveness of the ingredients in Extenze. At that moment an idea sprang into my head. I told them if they would let me improve the formula of Extenze, I would do the commercial for free!

Before I knew it I was working with their

"they claim to have sold almost a quarter of a billion capsules to men."

chemists at the manufacturing plant where we added the most revolutionary thing to the formula of Extenze. We added DHEA, also known as the "mother of all hormones." DHEA is the most important human prohormone and is the prohormone that converts into testosterone in men. DHEA levels decrease with the aging. Production peaks in a man's early 20's, and declines about 10% every 10 years. Low levels of testosterone can lead to low sex drive and a smaller sex organ.

After a few more weeks of tweaking the formula of Extenze, we were done. The new Extenze formula has been selling even better than the old formula, with over 75% of sales to repeat customers. Extenze has been on the market for 7 years and has sold almost a quarter of a billion capsules to men all over the world. It doesn't matter if you're 18 or 80 years old. In my opinion Extenze can make you larger, harder and increase both your intensity and pleasure and it is as simple as taking a single tablet daily. Extenze is so sure it would work for anyone that they're sending out a free one-week supply of Extenze for nothing more than the cost of a postage stamp. You can contact them directly at 800-630-3931. I recommend any man healthy enough to engage in sexual activity should try Extenze. You have nothing to lose but a lot to gain. ★

A Pill That Can Increase Your Size!*

**FREE
week
supply**



Just pay for the postage stamp.

800-630-3931

www.ExtenZeMe.com

*These statements have not been evaluated by the Food and Drug Administration. ExtenZe is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure, or prevent any disease.



CORPORATE SYNERGY

Art by EricJ
Color by Dave Bryant

Working late one night with Chloe brings new meaning to the phrase *joint venture*.



I was working the graveyard shift in the copy center of an investment bank. Except for the extra overtime, the job sucked. One evening I was preparing myself for another tedious night when someone stepped into the copy room.



Matt?

Hey, Chloe. What's up?



I need 50 bound copies of this presentation by 9 P.M. to make FedEx.

No way, Chloe.

Chloe had a rep for being tenacious and was willing to go to almost any length to complete an assignment. I always had a thing for women in suits. Just how badly did she need these copies?



Come on, Matt. What if I give you a hand?

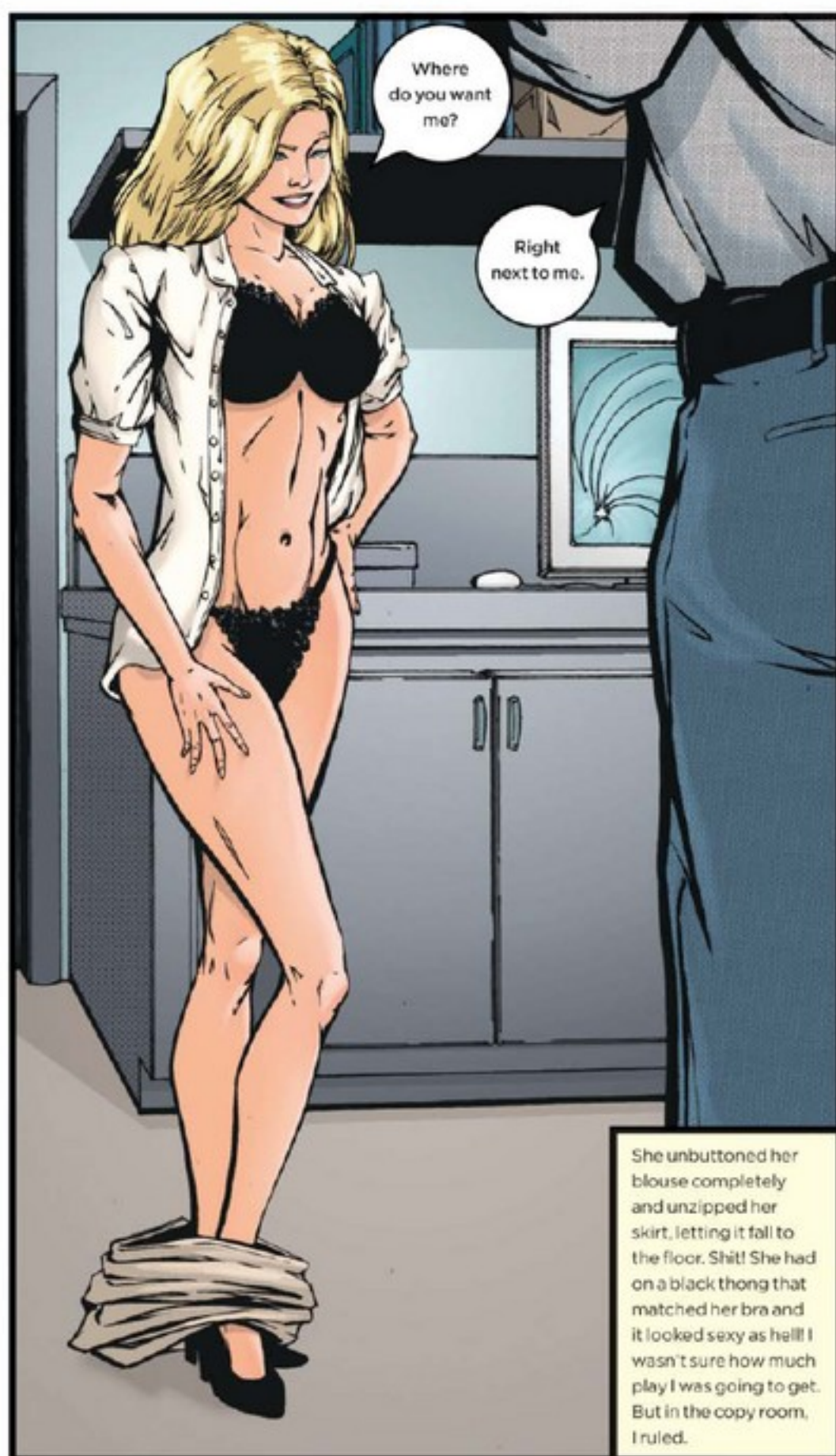
Hmm. I'm not supposed to let anyone in here.

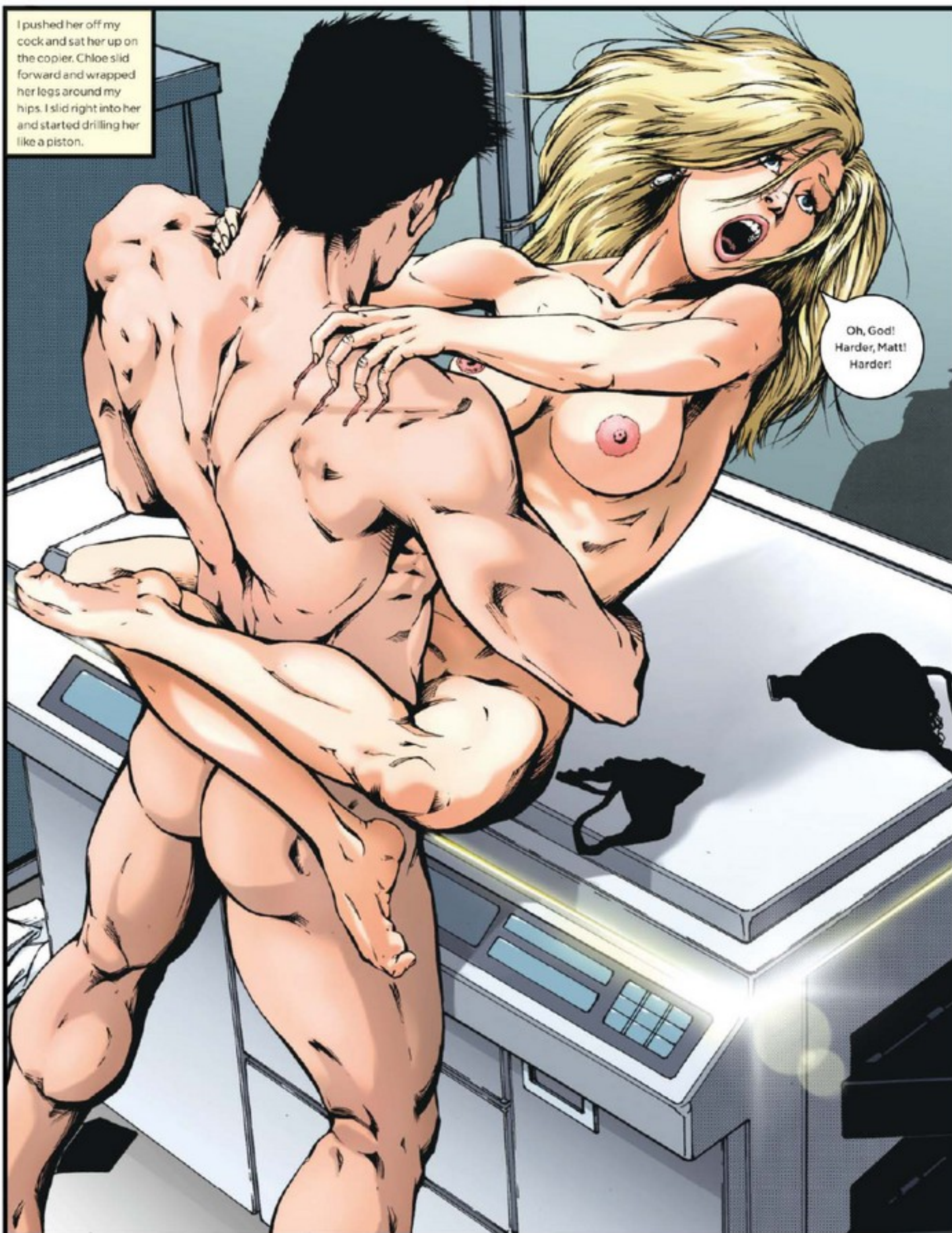
Chloe had already unbuttoned the top two buttons of her blouse and now her fingers played seductively over the edge of her bra cup.



Please, Matt? I'll do anything to get the job done.

Okay. I wouldn't want you to get jammed up with your boss. Come on in—but shut the door.





I didn't know if it was the fear of missing FedEx or if she was truly turned on, but she met my thrusts like a champ. I didn't last much longer. And neither did Chloe. She started bucking her hips and her entire body shuddered as her head fell back, and she cried out in pleasure, drowning out my own sounds of release.



Chloe gave me a deep kiss.



The end



It's 4 A.M.

and your man in Vegas just ordered a raft of sushi and a fresh bottle of whisky, and he wants to know when you're going to stop nursing that wine cooler and start having a good time.

*Meet Phil Stamper,
bachelor party
professional*

By A. J. Daulerio Photographs by Jeffrey Vageding

“Drop your cock and grab your socks. It’s time to go to the pool,” says the man on the other end of my phone. It’s noon on a Saturday in Las Vegas, and I’m still dressed and still buzzed from the night before. Apparently recovery time is over. On the other end of the phone is Phil Stamper—aka My Guy in Vegas—calling from his car. “I’ll see you in 20,” he says. I better get my shit together.

The last time I’d heard Phil’s voice was just a few seconds before he put his face down on the bar at a castle-like strip joint called the Men’s Club, a little after 4 A.M. Prior to the snooze, he’d ordered \$100 worth of sushi for me and his buddy Doug. Then he promptly laid his head on the bar for 20 minutes as I guarded the raw fish from a stripper who kept asking for a bite. Since Phil had picked me up at the airport that Friday afternoon, I’d rarely seen him without his phone glued to his ear, practically bursting with positive energy as he blew through a succession of calls. There’d been a total of five “Hey, buddy! Sure thing, buddy, when you coming in? You’re all set up, buddy” conversations since I’d stepped into his Range Rover for the 20-minute drive to the Monte Carlo hotel, where he’d booked me a room for the weekend.

Our background chat had been brief, but I knew this: Phil was raised in Oklahoma and came to Vegas in 1993 on a football scholarship as a

field-goal kicker at the University of Reno. He tried to make the NFL but it didn’t work out, and he offers no excuses as to why. “Just didn’t happen,” he says, only slightly forlorn. He returned to Vegas in 1998 as a host at the Hyatt Regency, but discovered that with his good ol’ boy charm and sports connections, he could start his own concierge business and not be constrained by his employers’ corporate agenda: namely to keep guests gambling in the hotel.

He left the Hyatt to freelance and, in 2001, VIP Vegas Phil was born. It wasn’t a smooth transition; it turned out that nut-hustling for every penny-pinching Vegas warrior required a lot of work for not a lot of money. So Phil took himself out of the phone book, ceased advertising, and used his core clients (“whales,” as he refers to them) to generate word-of-mouth, *real* VIP status for his business. It worked.

Vegas Phil’s job is to host 24- to 36-hour parties and ensure that people have an extraordinary time. It’s easy to do it up in Vegas, but it helps to have an organizer like Phil. He says he pulls about \$20,000 per month for his services, but it’s mostly in cash and he winks when he gives me the figure. For about \$300 per man, he secures access to VIP clubs, strippers, primo tables at steak houses on busy Saturday nights, or essentially anything else the client wants. He’s hustled to get people last-minute front-row tickets to see Gwen Stefani and supplied one picky client with ten glass bowls containing beta fish at each table setting. Sometimes he arranges parties months in advance and other times with only a few hours notice—and drawing from his wealth of connections.

The weekend before I meet him, Vegas Phil organized a party for actor Luke Wilson. He says he’s hosted Jimmy Kimmel; various ESPN personalities, including Stuart “Boo-yah” Scott and Steve Levy; and athletes from every major sport, from scrubs to superstars—plus coaching staffs. Throughout the weekend, a parade of satisfied customers approaches him—and they aren’t



Vegas Phil's Ultimate Vegas Weekend Itinerary

FRIDAY AFTERNOON

Arrive, check into the hotel, and get the bachelor a suite. (The extra room will be needed for extracurricular activities.) Go hit the tables.



FRIDAY NIGHT

Rent an hour-long booze-bus cruise down the Strip. Make sure it's equipped with state-of-the-art sound and lighting systems, a flat-screen TV with DVD player, a full bar, a stripper pole, and a woman who can pirouette with the best of 'em.



FRIDAY LATE NIGHT

Spearmint Rhino Gentlemen's Club

SATURDAY AFTERNOON

Lounge by the pool at Bare, the topless pool at the Mirage.





PHIL ENTERTAINS A CREW OF SEVERELY ELIGIBLE BACHELORS WHO DRINK, FUCK, AND EAT THEIR WAY THROUGH VEGAS.

surprised that Phil has a reporter from *Penthouse* tailing him. "He is *the* man," they say, more clarifying the fact than paying a compliment.

"This is a lifestyle," Phil keeps repeating. He says this with a smile and a drawl and a backslap and a "You hanging in, buddy?" I quickly understand why everybody likes the guy. He's got a deep well of energy and enthusiasm—there isn't much respite from being *the* VIP concierge in Las Vegas. He admits that he's at the mercy of the business—meaning he always has to be ready to party—but on the rare day off he'll head to the beach or visit family, go anywhere to get away from the Strip for a while.

Most unexpectedly, Phil has a girlfriend. Live-in. He won't share many details about where they met or how long they've been together; only that she possesses an understanding of "the lifestyle."

If he's not at a club overseeing a bachelor party, Phil oscillates between making business calls, glad-handing with club owners and promoters at his various "offices"—strip clubs, cafés, lounges, wherever—or operating his crew of severely eligible bachelors, who, it seems, drink, fuck, and eat their way through Las Vegas. This weekend's crew consists of former NFL placekicker Owen Pochman; one of Las Vegas's top doctors (who preferred not to be named); Houston Texans defensive end Anthony Weaver; Doug, a concierge-in-training; and a local 25-year-old former tennis pro with a bum knee, a punk-rock band, and a need for anonymity. They're young, in shape, and have plenty of money to do anything they want. And they do.

Phil gets us VIP status at the Palms' \$5,000-per-year members-only club, then Rain and Ghostbar, and finally, the Polo Towers' Sky Lounge. He orders sushi by the pound. We

down drinks everywhere we go; though he is technically "working" the whole time, Phil is never without a Captain and Diet in his hand and rarely without a stripper within grab-ass reach. He's easy to lose—bouncing around from big shot to bungalow boy, politicking—but if I'm out of his eyesight for more than five minutes, one of his crew texts me to make sure I'm all right, then invites me over for introductions and hooks me up with a drink, a sandwich, or cigarettes.

Phil is not the typical six-figure entrepreneur—nor is he the stereotypically shiftier Vegas hustler. (He says his pet peeve of the job is when people with only a couple million in the bank act like "Johnny Big Dicks.") He can whip out the good threads when necessary ("boot and suit it"), but for most of the weekend, he operates from the wardrobe that's piled in the trunk of his 2004 Range Rover—bathing suits, dress shirts, blazers, and jeans, in various permutations of wrinkled or pressed—everything he needs to get the job done.

Phil's phone—which appeared to be his lifeline on Friday—has since conked out, so he spends most of Saturday and Sunday using mine to coordinate the weekend. The Rover is running on empty, and every interior warning light of the SUV is begging him to take it to the shop.

Phil drinks. A lot. He gets sloppy, particularly on Saturday, which ends in an awkward, early-morning argument that Phil concludes by throwing cash at the driver's chest and proclaiming, "There's a \$100 bill for being an asshole." And then there's the money: He carries around \$6,000 in bills that are wadded, perilously loose, in his pants pockets.

But despite a haphazard approach, Phil's business seems to be working. His other party that weekend was being led by a guy who works for the New York Giants organization who proclaimed with a wry smile, "Phil is highly regarded by people at the Giants." The group got everything it paid for as it went from stripper-poled shuttle bus to VIP bottle-service treatment at every club, and was escorted by a pack of blonde party girls flown

SATURDAY EVENING

Take a super-stretch limousine to the steakhouse and sushi bar at the Men's Club for the special bachelor's dinner.

SATURDAY NIGHT

Head back to the hotel for the official bachelor party: female entertainers performing lap dances, girl-on-girl, and the world-famous double-headed dildo.

SATURDAY LATE NIGHT

Tao nightclub at the Venetian for table/bottle service

SUNDAY

Bali Hai golf course



in from L.A. for the occasion. At one point, it appears that even though the groom-to-be has already cleared two velvet ropes at the impossible-to-get-into Moon at the Palms, he's not going to get in the door. When the bouncer sees how cross-eyed drunk the bachelor is, he says, "I'm not letting that guy in here." But Phil quickly confronts the surly, hulking mass in a tuxedo and neutralizes the situation with some small talk and a backslap, promising that the drunken groom won't cause any problems under Phil's watchful eye. Sure enough, the gate is unhooked and the rowdy guys are VIP'd again. (Phil doesn't watch over them. He spends most of his time at the bar doing shots.)

Later, at the Rain VIP lounge, Phil leans over to me and asks if I want to make a bet. "How much money if I finger-jam that girl right there?" he asks, pointing to one of the blonde party girls who's sitting on the couch three feet from us. She's mousy but cute; I take the bet just so I can see what he does. Phil leans in and starts making out with her. I immediately turn away, but he bats my leg to make sure I watch. Soon, his hand disappears beneath her skirt and she makes a startled facial expression that quickly turns into a brief look of satisfaction. He pulls his hand out and gives her a kiss. Then she gets up, grabs one of her party-girl cohorts, and squeals, "Phil's bad!" Phil smiles at them, winks at me, then wipes his finger across my pants. "I think you owe me \$50, buddy."

By Sunday morning, I am desperate to leave. I've seen enough tits, drunk enough booze, and eaten enough sushi. But we still have a full day planned at the Mirage's topless pool, Bare, where the bachelor party is convening for some downtime before this evening's private show in their Mandalay Bay hotel room.

We hit the pool and then Phil and I grab dinner at Japonais. He has the waiter bring out samples—sushi, rolls, Kobe beef on hot rocks—and we bullshit about life. He says that at 32, he still has a few years of party left in him, though his salt-and-pepper hair might suggest otherwise—but he says his business, right now, is him. It's all about the relationships he's built and the reputation he's established. "I can hand over the contacts to people, but where would that get me? People continue to work with me because of me." And it's true. It's Phil's laid-back

approach and impressive likability that keep his customers coming back.

By the time we get back to the hotel room for the "private" portion of the bachelor party—which consists of two incredibly hot strippers Phil has hired to perform a sordid lesbian show for the group—I'm completely spent. Phil realizes this and sees me nervously checking my watch, wondering how I'll make my 12:30 A.M. flight if it's 10:30 P.M. now and there's no gas in his car and the show has just started. Phil smiles at me and gives me his drawl: "A.J., you hanging in? Don't stress about your flight. This isn't the first time I've been to the rodeo, you know." He sees that his words aren't calming me down, so he turns serious: "Look, if you miss your flight, I'll getcha a private jet to take you back. Swear. I've done it before." He still doesn't sense I'm convinced, so he asks one of the strippers to vouch: "Amy, tell him that I'll get him a private jet if he misses his flight."

Amy lifts her head and smiles at me, even though she's got about seven inches of purple dildo crammed inside her that she's sharing with the other stripper. "A.J., don't you worry about it, baby," she assures me with a smile. "We'll getcha home."

Phil gets me to the airport about an hour before departure—right on time, of course. As I'm leaving, he tells me he's going to miss me and that he liked having me around: "You've got yourself a friend for life now, man." I step out of the Range Rover, which is miraculously still running, and he says with the utmost sincerity, "Call me if you ever need anything. And I mean it. *Anything.*" That's not the first time in my life I've had a relative stranger say that to me, but it's the first time I've actually believed it. 

HIS HAND DISAPPEARS UNDER HER SKIRT AND SHE MAKES A STARTLED EXPRESSION THAT QUICKLY TURNS INTO A BRIEF LOOK OF SATISFACTION.

The Last Hurrah

Don't blow your buddy's final night as a free man. Here's a foolproof guide to throwing a kick-ass send-off.

The New Bachelor Standards By A. J. Daulerio

Every man who agrees to hand over his life to the woman he loves deserves one last night of libidinous freedom under the watchful, beer-soaked eyes of his friends and family. And as his friend, it's your job to ensure this night is an unforgettable one—but not because the groom spewed his calamari while getting a lap dance, or because the festivities ended with a guilty plea for public urination, or—worse—because it was the lamest bachelor party ever. Gone are the days when groomsman holed up in a basement, watching stag films and smoking cigars the night before the Big Day. Now, bachelor parties can swell into weeklong events that embody the this-is-our-time-to-go-crazy ethos. It's also become big business, and travel companies and hotel chains have begun marketing ridiculously named "man-cation" packages in an effort to lure men searching for hedonistic excess—or just a place with moderately cold beer and a decent golf course. So, whether you're the best man or a helpful attendee, use this handy guide to make your buddy's premarital send-off legendary.

Trippin' Out Because depravity needs no passport



Plan a trip that can work with every attendee's budget, from the investment banker to the aspiring actor/Kinko's guy.

RENT

Hopefully your friends aren't all backwoods bumpkins who subsist on food stamps and roadkill. Surely somebody in your crew has access to a beach house, a remote cabin, or a ski chalet that you can trash. So what if there are only two beds? People will pass out on the floor anyway. And if you're really hard up for cash, you can always rent an RV in the \$300 to \$400 range for the weekend, and drive until the gas runs out. The only problem is finding a designated driver.

MANCATIONS

Fortunately, some mid-level packages in Las Vegas or at certain Mexican haciendas accommodate most budgets (Xerox king included), so everybody can have a good time without someone feeling like a chump for blowing a month's salary. One great option is Amsterdam HQ, which offers moderately priced, *Real World*-esque crash



PHOTOGRAPH BY POLYGRAM/THE KOBAL COLLECTION/ROBERT ZUCKERMAN



pads, plus all the fixings needed to fully inhale the Amsterdam experience—bongs, video-game consoles, and a room near the Red Light District—at a cost of about \$150 per night for each guy. If you're planning a more extravagant overseas experience, there's LastNightOfFreedom.co.uk, which offers packages to Madrid, Glasgow, London, Kraków, and other European epicenters where you won't bump into anyone you know while you're out bringing new meaning to the term *ugly American*.

HIGHROLLER

If you've got enough rich friends, Tallinn, Estonia, is the perfect place to see firsthand what the fall of communism does for a city's nightlife. Tallinn has been dubbed a "Russo Vegas," and there aren't many other places where you'll find such beautiful women with heavy accents willing to consider having sex with you. It's kind of like *Hostel*, without the threat of being drugged and tortured.

Balls Out Kick off the weekend on game day

Sports-themed parties engender deep bonding, and nothing says "I'm hangin' with my buddies" like a novelty foam hand.

CHEAP

Your average round of golf at a public course should run about \$50 per person—and it's a great option if everyone's merely looking for an excuse to spend an afternoon driving around on fresh-cut grass and urinating in finely trimmed hedges. For the more risk-oriented, there's always a day to be had at the track, where you can park your crew with a couple of coolers and enjoy a relatively cheap day—so long as nobody takes out a second mortgage to chuck at a 20-to-1 underdog. There's also softball; many town parks departments will rent you a field at a fair price. Tweak the rules and force every batter who gets a hit to chug before rounding each base.

MIDRANGE

Plenty of places offer bachelor-themed golf packages, but there are more wintry trips to consider, too. Teton Village in Jackson Hole, Wyoming, in all-inclusive glory, offers lift tickets, cabin accommodations, and a fridge full of Fat Tire beer, with five-day packages that start at around \$900 per person. For guys who prefer to watch, there are plenty of packages based on big events—the



Masters, Super Bowl, Indy 500—so you'll be able to knock out all of the tickets, lodging, and travel in one pop. Lots of teams work with their local tourism board to offer travel packages at reduced rates.

HIGHROLLER

If you want to work up a sweat—and you feel like shedding some extra pounds of cash—such sports powerhouses as Notre Dame, Miami, and Penn State offer football fantasy camps that include a week of semi-intensive practice and culminate in a game of full-uniform flag football with former players. And if you like your athletic prowess served with a side of dismemberment—and running with the bulls seems too tame—check out the U.K.'s Tough Guy Competition. This road-race/obstacle-course endurance test is probably a more grueling bonding experience than your fellow groomsmen can handle.

Where the Wild Things Are Go native with a backwoods blowout

The outdoor party provides that *Deliverance*-like experience—only without the backwoods rape.

CHEAP

There are plenty of camping and fly-fishing packages for those who prefer to rough it, but there are also cushy party-boat vacations that will satiate the most novice of fishermen and the most heavily seasoned livers. If you have no desire to do anything but be outside, there's always the classic kegger in the woods that'll take everybody back to those wasted afternoons in college/high school, when skipping class and sitting in a pile of dirt for a few hours made everyone feel like kings of the hill.

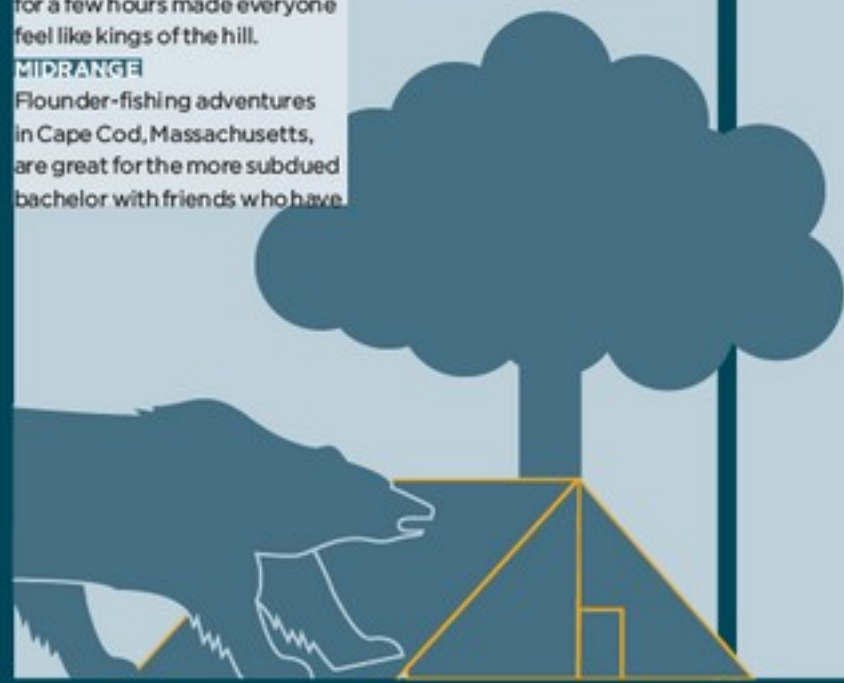
MIDRANGE

Flounder-fishing adventures in Cape Cod, Massachusetts, are great for the more subdued bachelor with friends who have

a little spare change in their sock drawers. Marlin-fishing excursions in Cabo San Lucas, Mexico, will land you a huge fish and make a slightly larger dent in your wallet.

HIGHROLLER

For a more extreme ocean locale, try SharkDivers.com, which can accommodate ten of your buddies in five-star style on a yacht, where you'll recline in a shark cage submerged in the Great White-infested waters off Mexico's Isla Guadalupe. Sure, a weekend will cost you about \$100,000 for a group of ten, but what's \$10,000 to watch your closest friends soil themselves?



Party Animal



“One bachelor party involved the pitcher of a major-league team. This guy was completely fucked up. He was throwing up before he got into his limo. He was pitching the next day, so we threw thousands against him to lose. Fucker pitched a two-hitter.”

“One buddy of mine got handcuffed to another buddy at a strip club—then the whole bachelor party left. They had to call the cops to undo them.”



The Classic

Strippers, beef, and booze—just like your old man’s

rooms where you can camp out till closing with bottle service and private dancers for a mere \$1,000 to \$3,000. But if you want an exclusive show in a hotel room, make sure you negotiate the price and ask to meet the talent in advance. If the service won’t let you prescreen the performer, pass. The best nationwide service with top quality-ish women (and midget acts) is Centerfold Strips, but even they’ve been known to ship a dented Ferrari on occasion. So do some research. The last thing a bachelor wants on his final night of freedom is to cavort with a hard-luck case with breast implants.

HIGHROLLER

Say you’re having a destination party someplace remote and posh—like Acapulco’s \$1,995 per night, 20,000-square-foot Mexico Mansion—but you don’t want to run the risk of hiring local talent for the stripper show. You can outsource: Most high-end agencies will allow you to fly them to your destination, if you’re willing to pay for airfare and accommodations at \$1,000 per girl (plus tips). You’re paying for quality, obviously—and for the opportunity to say you spent the weekend with a stripper.

The forbidden dance isn’t the lambada; it’s a VIP service available in some champagne rooms for this old standby.

CHEAP

Rent the backroom at your local strip club for around \$1,000. Sometimes, plenty of fun can be had at the seediest joints—even if you’ll want to follow each lap dance with a shot of penicillin.

MIDRANGE

Of course, there is the more traditional route, where a group of your friends heads over to the “classiest” stripper palace in town, like a Penthouse Club. You’ll see a higher class of dancer offering personal performances in the \$20 to \$50 range, and there are private

Party Rules

Advice from David Boyer, author of *Bachelor Party Confidential*

“Couples should probably discuss what will happen at the bachelor party before hand so there are no surprises. If the fiancée is totally against strippers but you still want to throw a crazy party, you could go the letter-of-the-law route and find women who aren’t ‘strippers’ to entertain—you might be surprised what you’d find on Craigslist.com. Or you could plan an old-school bachelor party with stag films, cigars, and gambling. If you do decide to disregard the wife-to-be’s wishes, leave the bachelor out of the planning. He can—and will—blame you.”

“There are a few things I would definitely not recommend: staging an intervention and telling the groom he shouldn’t get married; hiring an obese stripper for ‘fun’; or stressing and overthinking it once the party train has left the station.”

“The worst idea is throwing the party the night before the wedding. Ideally, throw the stag a few weeks before the wedding: close enough that it still feels connected to the marriage festivities, but far enough before that the bruises can heal before the big day.”

Celebrity Stags

Infamous bachelor benders



MARIO LOPEZ

In 2004, *Saved by the Bell* actor Lopez allegedly cheated on his fiancée, Ali Landry, at his bachelor party the day before their wedding. Two weeks later, the former Miss Teen USA, actress, and Doritos model filed to have the marriage annulled. The C-list couple’s nuptials had been shot for an Oprah segment, but the footage was never aired.

PARIS HILTON’S EX

Greek shipping heir Paris Latsis went so awry at his party that fiancée Paris Hilton ended the five-month engagement and appeared on *Extra* to assert her moral authority: “Don’t cheat on her at your bachelor party,” she warned future husbands. “It’s disgusting.”



BEN AFFLECK

Ben Affleck never even made it to his bachelor party, which his brother Casey had planned to throw on Hooters Air. Fiancée Jennifer Lopez allegedly made him cancel it after stories were published about Affleck supposedly getting overly friendly with dancers at a Canadian strip club. The couple broke up soon thereafter.



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"I had this one friend whose bachelor party just consisted of taking him to a baseball game. But first they held him down and wrapped his entire body in a quick-set cast. The poor guy was frozen in the cast all day long."

"A buddy was getting married in London. He and about 15 of his buddies showed up a few days before the wedding. They all had a big dinner and partied until 4 A.M. the first night, then piled into a limo to go back to the hotel—but went to a private airstrip. The best man had rented a jet and they flew to Ukraine for breakfast and an all-day booze fest. After a big dinner, they went back to a massive house he had rented with bartenders, deejays, and some 'friends.' They flew back to London for lunch the next day."



"One guy took his buddy out with a bunch of guys, got him loaded, and put him on a plane to Paris. The guy literally woke up in Paris. All by himself."



JIMMY STEWART

Screen legend Jimmy Stewart's 1949 bachelor party was partly televised from old-school celebrity Hollywood hangout Chasen's. The highlight was supplied by super-agent Lew Wasserman, who hired diaper-wearing midgets to come out on a serving platter.



DAVID GEST

The face-lifted former husband of Liza Minnelli was treated by some of his friends to an impromptu bachelor party that featured three drag queens—all dressed as his wife-to-be. The party was splashed all over the tabloids and, although Gest was initially annoyed, he ended up enjoying the show. Of course he did.



DAVE NAVARRO AND CARMEN ELECTRA

Before their sacred union, Navarro and Electra had a joint party in Las Vegas. Invites had a photo of the naked couple in a morgue, captioned TIL DEATH DOUS PART. Navarro expected rock-star treatment, but reportedly later said the strippers hounded Electra instead.

The Buzz Kills

How to deal with *that* guy



THE PURITAN

Try to sniff out this guy before the second drink of the night, or the guilt-trip air will mar the party. Sure, he's a "friend," but if he just came for the golf, well, there's no need to force-feed him decadence if all he really wants to do is have dinner, go home, and watch *SportsCenter*. This guy may seem lame at the time, but treat him well because he'll be the one to cover bail if the best man ends up in the clink. Plus, he'll make sure everybody makes tee time.

THE SNITCH

Sometimes there's an in-law with a big mouth or a dude at the party who tells his

significant other everything. Feel him out. If he's relatively sober, politely encourage him to call it a night after the midget is fired out of the cannon but before the stripper plays hide-and-seek with her foot-long stage prop. If the guy is a drunken madman, ship him off to the champagne room and make sure he stays there all night and won't see anyone else's transgressions. And if he's gonna squeal no matter what, buy him a party favor and make sure everyone sees it. Men with dirty hands know when to keep their mouths shut.

just drunk. Better to sort him out before the real festivities begin.

THE ASSHOLE

Sometimes there's a guy who has a couple of drinks, sits down in perverts' row, and turns into one of those aggro cavemen who ruins everyone's night. Make sure this guy has a handler whose primary responsibility is to convince him to keep his Neanderthal tendencies tempered (i.e., prevent him from pissing in the corner behind the jukebox). Play Rock, Paper, Scissors to determine who gets shafted with handler duty, or trade off throughout the evening.



THE PUKE

If there's one guy in your group who starts to wobble early (look for a dazed expression, a newly acquired fondness for cigarettes, lots of spitting), make sure to get him out of the party as soon as possible. Take him back to your hotel/house/neutral crash pad and just ditch him. He won't die; he's





water works

Our 2007 Pet of the Year Runner-Up, Krista Ayne, introduces Heather Elizabeth to the wet and wild joys of summer.

Photographs by Douglas Schwartz





"Now that it's raining more than ever, know
that we'll still have each other.
You can stand under my umbrella." —Rihanna





"We stay way down in da water ... yeah.
Off the banks of the muddy Mississippi;
ready to put that ass in order." —Nelly



"He loads the clouds with moisture; He scatters His lightning through them.... He brings the clouds to punish men, or to water His earth and show His love." —Job 37







"They need water.
Good, good water. We need water.
And I'm sure there ain't
one of us here who'd say
no to somebody's daughter."
—The Who





(Page 127) Krista: Vintage
Sunglasses; Gold Medal and
Shells Necklace, Neon Brasil.
(Pages 128-129) Heather:
sunglasses, Ksubi; umbrella,
V.P.L. Krista: PVC Raincoat,
Marc Jacobs; gold earrings,
Re-Accessories. (Pages 130-
131) Heather: white sunglasses,
H&M; Terry Sundress, Neon
Brasil; Bracelets, Dieego.
Krista: Printed Bikini Bottom,
Neon Brasil. (Page 132) Krista:
Red Wood Necklace and Red
Bangles, Re-Accessories.
(Pages 134-135) Krista: Gold
Foil Bikini, Dolce & Gabbana;
White and Gold Bangles,
Re-Accessories; Vintage
Sunglasses; Gold Medal and
Shells Necklace, Neon Brasil.
Heather: Brown Sunglasses,
Ksubi; Bracelets, Dieego.
(Pages 136-137) Heather:
Bikini, Neon Brasil; Bracelets,
Re-Accessories. Krista:
Vintage Sunglasses.

"Water is life's matter and matrix,
mother and medium.
There is no life without water."
—Albert Szent-Györgyi



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The Space Between

It's true: When it comes to sex, women are light-years more complicated. But don't blame them—it's nature's fault.

By Victoria Zdrok, Ph.D.

Everyone knows that men and women are very different creatures, but many of us insist on pretending that's not the case. In fact, scientists are finding that we are more different than alike, particularly when it comes to our sexual desire. While both genders want to survive and replicate, their reproductive goals

are different. For men, the best way to pass on their genes is to inseminate as many women as possible, and their sexuality has been programmed to do just that. Women generally can bear only one offspring at a time, and successful pregnancy and child-

rearing require considerable time and effort. This great maternal investment makes women far choosier and more sexually conservative. So if men are from Mars, women aren't from Venus—they're from a different galaxy altogether. Here are some ideas for how to travel between these two worlds.

Sexual response: male vs. female

	Men	Women
PRIMARY AROUSAL	Visual	Auditory, olfactory, tactile
PRIMARY FOCUS	Genital	Entire body
TYPE OF AROUSAL	Spontaneous	Responsive
PACE OF AROUSAL	Fast	Slow
DECLINE OF AROUSAL	Fast	Slow

PROBLEM You're horny all the time, but she's horniest for about a week—during ovulation, which occurs about two weeks after the beginning of her period.

WHY The best chance for men to propagate is by being constantly ready for sex. Women feel more sexual when they are most likely to conceive.

SOLUTION Make the most of her ovulation week by telling her how hot she looks. Women have been found to dress more seductively during this period, so she will be likely to agree with you. The rest of the month, take what you can get.

PROBLEM You get an instant erection when you see a steamy scene, and you want to have sex right away. She may get wet watching it, but still not be in the mood.

WHY Ancestral women were frequently in danger of being raped, and by automatically lubricating at the mere hint of sex, they avoided damage to their reproductive tracts.

SOLUTION Don't assume that your old porn collection will get her in the mood. Instead, woo her by telling her that she is your soul mate and that you find her irresistible.

PROBLEM You see her naked, you want sex. She needs an hour of kissing and foreplay.

WHY Women have a more cautious approach to sexual arousal. A male who is willing to spend time on foreplay is more likely to stick around and help her raise their kids.

SOLUTION Prep her for sex with continuous sexual communication. Spend lots of time kissing and caressing prior to intercourse—not only will this get her sufficiently aroused, but the delay of sexual gratification will intensify orgasms for you both.

PROBLEM You like girls—only. No exceptions. She may be into you, but she also digs a hot female coworker.

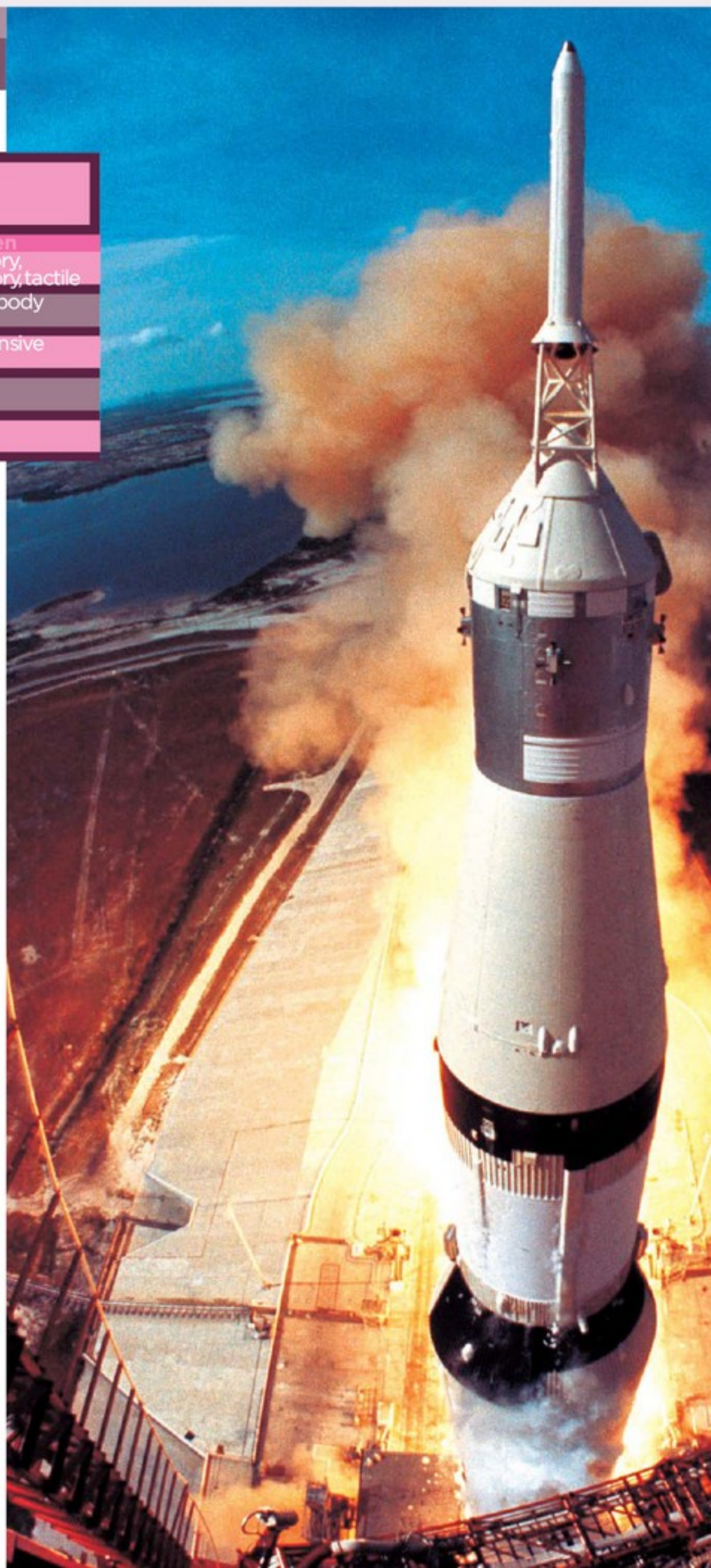
WHY Women get turned on by intimate talks and lots of touching—which they are naturally inclined to provide each other. Ancestral women probably sought out other females for sexual gratification when their cavemen were out hunting woolly mammoths.

SOLUTION Don't let her bisexual tendencies threaten you—she is unlikely to leave you for some bull-dyke lesbian. Encourage her to express her bisexual fantasies and suggest that you would be happy to help her fulfill them.

PROBLEM After you come, you have an overwhelming urge to turn over and sleep. She is energetic after her orgasm and wants to cuddle and chat.

WHY The blood rush after climax depletes muscles of energy-sustaining glycogen, leaving men physically drained. Because they have more muscle mass than women, men become tired and sleepy after sex. Women, on the other hand, are programmed to seek attachment and intimacy after sex. The reason women have a greater desire to cuddle after sex is that their bodies put out 50 percent more oxytocin, the "cuddle hormone," than men's.

SOLUTION Resist the urge to slumber. Stay awake, hold her, and tell her how great it was for you.





Ask Dr. Z

Bad Vibes?

My wife can only get off with toys. No matter what I do, she never comes from my tongue or my penis—she always uses one of her many vibrators on her clit while I am fucking her. I would really love it if she could come without toys during intercourse. All of the other women I've been with were able to get off from me thrusting inside them. Is there something wrong with her?

It's a mistake to compare one woman to others. Some women come during intercourse, while others can only orgasm during foreplay or afterplay. Still other women can climax only from oral or manual stimulation, or with the help of toys. A small percentage of women are able to orgasm only during masturbation. Indeed, your past girlfriends may have faked that orgasmic response. There is probably nothing wrong with your wife. Why change what works for her? Instead, you can help her finish by using the vibrator on her—or by wearing a vibrating cock ring with a clit stimulator during intercourse. You could also suggest that she abstain from using her vibrators for a couple of weeks while you experiment with cunnilingus and manual stimulation of her clitoris and vagina. Try new positions, such as the coital-alignment technique—a version of missionary where you “ride higher in the saddle” and rub your pelvis against her clitoris.

Withdrawal Worries

I am crazy about my girlfriend, but she refuses to go on the Pill because it makes her feel bloated. Instead, she insists that I pull out, claiming that all of her prior boyfriends were able to do it. For me, thinking about withdrawing takes all the fun out of sex. We tried using condoms but we both hate them. What can I do to persuade her to take the Pill? What are our other options?

Although some men have no problem withdrawing, for others, it interferes with their enjoyment and can even cause ejaculatory problems. But your girlfriend is also justified in disliking birth-control pills. Many women

experience unpleasant side effects from the Pill. In addition, recent studies have shown that the Pill can cause a considerable decrease in female libido. She could try other forms of hormonal contraception, such as the patch or NuvaRing, to see if she experiences fewer side effects. She can also opt for a barrier contraceptive like a cervical cap, diaphragm, contraceptive sponge, or Lea's Shield, which should be used with a spermicidal cream.

To convince her to try a new form of contraception, emphasize the high failure rate of withdrawal (seven to 22 percent), and explain that you are as uncomfortable with that method as she is with the Pill. And don't forget to add that coming inside her makes sex more intimate for you—few women can resist that!

Hard-Core Hassles

Every woman I have been with has objected to me looking at porn. How can I persuade them that it's nonthreatening?

Male-oriented pornography can be distasteful to some women, for various reasons. Some women consider porn crude and visually unappealing, or boring because it lacks a plot and storyline. Many women admit to feeling insecure about porn stars' seemingly perfect bodies. Knowing you are staring at women who are thinner, bustier, younger, and perpetually willing and excited can be threatening to a woman. Frequently complimenting your girlfriend and emphasizing how desirable she is may help her overcome her insecurity. Finally, some women object to porn for political reasons because they believe it objectifies females. You could check out some female-friendly porn, such as Candida Royalle's films. And if all else fails, quote writer Amy Benfer: “There is nothing wrong with being a sex object if your object is to have sex.” 

ENCOURAGE HER
TO EXPRESS HER
BISEXUAL FANTASIES
AND SUGGEST
THAT YOU WILL
BE HAPPY TO HELP
HER FULFILL THEM.

YOU REALLY GOT ME

Pure Pussy Goes Goth

(Avalon Entertainment) **A.A.A.A.A.**

This surprisingly well-executed exercise in lesbo-goth porn—the ultimate erotic scenario for every pasty little comic-book geek who's ever whacked off to an Evanescence video—is about as good an example of the genre as we've seen. Director Jim Malibu takes the Suicide Girls concept and employs horny (and sometimes horned) heliophobes who will actually *have sex* on film, in nine scenes of vampiric sapphism that would make Countess Bathory blush. Some scenes feature reckless Wiccans fucking their pussies with dildos and festooning their flesh with clothespins. One excellent scene spotlights two jaw-dropping gothettes jerking off side by side before muff-diving each other to hell and back. Our favorite offers a goth queen begging the viewer to fuck her hard and fast and long while she stuffs her cooze with a vibrator. Unfortunately, some scenes suffer from laughably self-conscious soliloquies. This one is a niche product to be sure, but if your tastes run to backward-talking denizens of a goth-girl netherworld, snatch it up. Besides, it's got the best soundtrack we've heard in a porn flick in what seems like ... an eternity.

LEARN BY SCREWING

American Amateurs #2

(Anarchy Films) **A.A.A.A.A.**

From where we sit, the best thing about a girl who makes a porn flick for a thrill (or even on a dare) is the level of enthusiasm she brings to the table. Throw in the excitement that comes with seeing a naughty newbie completely vulnerable and exposed, and *bang!* you have the allure of amateur porn in a nutshell. It doesn't matter that the women you'll meet in *American Amateurs #2* aren't necessarily the best-looking chicks. They're the real deal, which makes it an enjoyable experience to watch Sky Lee stroke her cunt while sucking an anonymous cock; view Minx's pierced bosom heave in anticipation of drilling her lovely little lesbian plaything with a dildo; or bask in the glow exuded by Nicole as she gets a torrent of spunk drizzled over her tits.

Grab it now
Hold on tight
Pick it up
Worth a look
Hands off



The Runaway Brat

(Puritan) **A.A.A.A.A.**

There's a big push to get Tera Wray known in the industry, and with good reason. She's a hot little tamale with an absolutely stunning face and a slim frame that supports gloriously tiny titties and dime-size areolae. *The Runaway Brat* is Wray's first feature, and for a virgin effort it's not bad. Wray, Isabella Dior, Nikki Nieves, and Jade Lashey play runaways who get picked up and find themselves in different scenarios. The best thing about Wray's two scenes is that she still manages to look awestruck while having a thick Brit dick lodged up her tight, hairless cooch. She looks especially sexy when she's bent over and taking it doggie-style; on the downside, while she's learned the requisite XXX-blowjob spit bridge (the string of saliva linking mouth to cock) nicely, her fellatio technique still needs some work. Her later pairing with Tommy Gunn ratchets up the heat as she takes an enthusiastic pummeling. Despite the flick's sometimes ham-fisted and distracted camera work, Wray makes an impressive showing for her first time out of the box. **O+**

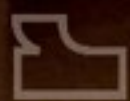


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PENTHOUSE
LIFE ON TOP **O+**



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voy•eur \vwä-'yer, voi-'er\ *n* [F, lit.

one who sees, fr. MF, fr. *voir* to see



fr. L *videre*—more at WIT] (ca 1919)

1: one obtaining sexual gratification



from seeing sexual acts; *broadly*:

one who habitually seeks sexual



stimulation by visual means

2: a prying observer who is usu.



seeking the sordid or the scandalous

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PENTHOUSE LETTERS

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HARD TIMES

I work at a local courthouse in a small town where nothing much happens. One day an officer brought in a tall guy with dark shoulder-length hair and blue eyes. He had on a pair of faded Levis, a black muscle-hugging T-shirt, and a pair of handcuffs—not that there's anything wrong with that. In the right setting, cuffs can be sexy.

He looked a little angry, but when he saw me, he smiled. At five foot eight and 130 pounds with lots of cleavage, I tend to get a lot of smiles from men. I grinned back and hoped he hadn't done something serious. The day was coming to an end, and

RON FOLLOWED ME TO THE KITCHEN AND ASKED IF I HAD ANYTHING TO SNACK ON. I WAS ABOUT TO TELL HIM HE COULD NIBBLE ON ME WHEN I FELT THE FULL LENGTH OF HIM PRESS UP AGAINST MY BACK.

it would be a crime if this guy had to spend the night in jail. He looked so good, the only place he needed to be locked up was in my bedroom.

While the officer led him to a desk, I took some folders I'd been meaning to file for the past week and walked over to the cabinets near them so I wouldn't miss any details.

From what I could make out, the guy's name was Ron. He was new in town and had left his car double-parked while he stopped into a real-estate office. When he came out and saw his car hooked up to a tow truck, he got into an argument with the towing agent—and the next thing he knew, he was being arrested.

Since he wasn't a regular, the officer offered to cut him some slack. Ron just had to promise to pay better attention to the town's parking regulations and apologize to the towing agent for losing his temper. I think I was more relieved than Ron that things worked out. The officer told him he could ask me for directions to the impound lot. It's a small town, and I'm sure Ron would have found the place on his own, but it was also the end of the day, so I offered him a lift. From the way he'd smiled at me when he first came in, I sensed that he was as interested in me as I was in him. Why not volunteer to show him around?

Ron was grateful for the lift and my generous offer to play tour guide, so he treated me to a delicious dinner and drinks. We talked about the town, his new job, and where he used to live. I found out that he was single. We talked until the restaurant was ready to close, and I invited him to my apartment for a nightcap.

Ron followed me home in his car. We were in the living room watching an old movie when I got up to refresh our drinks. Ron followed me into the kitchen and asked if I had anything to snack on. I was about to tell him he could nibble on me when I felt the full length of him press up against my back. I leaned back into his hard body and let him support my weight. His hands found their way under my blouse and came up to feel my breasts. As soon as he touched them, a tingle ran through my body. I turned in his arms and we kissed.

We made out as I backed him into my bedroom. If he thought he was in control, he was mistaken. I pushed him back onto the bed and proceeded to strip off his clothes. I'd been dying to see what Ron looked



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like naked from the minute he walked into the courthouse, and I wasn't disappointed. I took a second to admire him before I stretched his arms out to the side and locked fingers with him. Then I took my time teasing his cock and balls with flicks of my tongue, taking pleasure in making him squirm. I didn't let up until he begged me to suck his cock. Only then did I deep-throat him, and only long enough to temporarily appease him. I wanted him to be deep inside my pussy when he came.

I backed off to give him time to calm down. When I didn't think I could tease him any more, I straddled his hips and let him kiss me. Still tongue-tied, I gently raised my hips and reached down to hold his thick cock. He moaned into my mouth and pushed hard against my hand. I pointed his cock at my entrance and slowly lowered myself, letting him fill me up. It felt great to grasp his shoulders and ride him at my own speed for as long as I could.

But Ron wanted to take control, and truthfully, I was happy to cede it. I wanted him to fuck me hard, and I told him so when he grabbed my waist and flipped me onto my back. After letting me have the upper hand, Ron gave me exactly what I'd wanted all along—a good, hard fuck. He drilled his cock in and out of me at a steady pace and

BRITTANY FLASHED HER BREASTS FOR THE CAMERA. THEN SHE TURNED HER BACK TO ME AND FLIPPED UP HER SKIRT, OFFERING A SNEAK PEEK OF HER ROUND ASS. SMILING, SHE LOOKED AT ME AND WINKED.

I matched his rhythm with my own thrusts, until we both experienced system overload and pushed each other into orgasmic oblivion.

We had an even better time in the shower the next morning. Over breakfast, I told him where he might find some nice affordable apartments. It was Saturday, so he asked me if I could take him to see a few places and more of the town. Of course, I agreed. One place I definitely planned on taking him was to our local sex shop—to pick up a pair of handcuffs!—G.K., Virginia

PORN STARS

My girlfriend Brittany and I love to watch porn. We've amassed quite a collection over the years, and have

often discussed making our own film to add to our library. One day we finally decided to go for it. Brittany put on a miniskirt and a low-cut halter top that showed off her all-natural 42DDs, while I pulled on a pair of loose cotton shorts and a T-shirt. The less clothes the better, so we both went commando. We were so excited about our adventure that we grabbed the camcorder, got into the car, and were already two blocks away when we realized we'd forgotten the tripod and had to go back!

Once we were sure we had everything, we drove to a wildlife park near a lake. We hiked up to an observation area and set up the camera and tripod on the platform. I told Brittany where to stand, focused the camera on her, and adjusted the viewer so I could see it from the front of the camera.

To get things started, Brittany pulled down the front of her halter and flashed her breasts for the camera. Then she turned her back to me and flipped up her skirt, offering a sneak peek of her round ass. Smiling, she looked at me and winked. There's no doubt that Brittany looked just as good—if not hotter—than any of the women we'd seen in our DVDs, and she knew it!

My cock had already pitched a tent in my shorts when I pulled off my





shirt and made my way over to her. Brittany pulled down my shorts and licked the head of my cock before taking the full length into her mouth. My girlfriend loves to deep-throat and she's really good at it, but she'd never let me come in her mouth. She sucked my full length into her throat again and again, making me moan every time. Then she started stroking me with her hand while she continued to suck and swirl her tongue around the head. When I looked down, I saw that she had flipped up her skirt again and was playing with her bare pussy. Her stroking fingers were in sync with her sucking. I pulled the ties on her halter top, freeing her huge breasts. She looked up at me and I remember thinking that she'd never looked so hot. Then she pulled back and said, "I want to taste your come."

Those six words were enough to drive me over the edge. Brittany deep-throated me one last time before I exploded in her mouth. She kept sucking, milking my cock to make sure she captured every last drop. She finally released my dick and opened her mouth to show me—and the camera—then swallowed the entire load.

That day we both did a lot of things we'd never done before, and ended up creating our favorite DVD of all.—R.E., Colorado

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ANNIVERSARY TAILS

For our fifth wedding anniversary, my wife Jamie and I did something we'd both wanted to do for some time: We went out for an extravagant dinner and then topped off the evening by going to a new strip club in town.

The place was upscale and expensive, but Jamie and I had already agreed that we wanted to do something special. Tonight, we weren't on a budget. We ordered drinks and had a great time checking out all the dancers, but there was one beauty in particular who really commanded our attention. With her mocha-colored skin and Asian features, she was the most exotic-looking woman we'd ever seen, and Jamie was mesmerized by her smooth moves. One of the things I love about my wife is that she's always willing to try new things, so when Jamie asked me if I wanted a lap dance, I countered with, "Do you?" Her slow, sexy smile was the only answer I needed.

We made arrangements with Crystal to have our lap dances in the champagne room. I told her we were celebrating our anniversary and that we really wanted this to be a night we'd remember. She told me not to worry, and after giving me an exciting lap dance, Crystal really came through

I COULD HARDLY BELIEVE I WAS WATCHING THESE GORGEOUS BABES TOGETHER, YET HERE I WAS—WITH THE HARD-ON TO PROVE IT. I JUST LOVED THE IDEA THAT THEY WERE SO INTO EACH OTHER.

and gave Jamie the show of a lifetime. She started off by rubbing her ass and tits all over Jamie, which got my wife all worked up. She was actually doing a pretty good number on me, too, and I was only watching. Then she leaned down, kissed Jamie, and caressed her breasts. Jamie was loving every minute of the attention.

We were all getting along really well and Crystal still wanted to hang out with us, so at closing time we agreed to meet at a nearby hotel. We booked a suite and waited for Crystal in the lobby. She arrived 20 minutes later with a bottle of champagne and some glasses from the club. We drank

most of the champagne in the suite while we talked, and then Crystal took the lead. Knowing that Jamie had never kissed another woman before, she took her time—first moving over to sit beside Jamie, then moving in closer for a soft kiss. Jamie returned the kiss and reached out to fondle Crystal's breasts. Just watching them press their lips together and touch each other got my dick rock-hard again.

Feeling more confident and aroused, Jamie unbuttoned Crystal's blouse and opened her bra. Crystal pulled Jamie's camisole over her head. Then she took off Jamie's skirt and thong and gently pushed her back on the couch. My wife moaned as Crystal kissed and licked her way down and flicked her tongue over Jamie's pierced clit. Jamie's head fell back and her body shook as she held Crystal's head and cried out with pure pleasure.

I could hardly believe I was watching these gorgeous babes together, yet here I was—with the hard-on to prove it. I couldn't help but stroke myself. I just loved the idea that Jamie and Crystal were so into each other.

Jamie finished undressing Crystal and began planting wet kisses all





over her lush body. When Jamie's hot kisses finally led her to Crystal's pussy, she went down on her as if she'd done it a hundred times before. I couldn't help wondering if she was using some of my moves, because she had Crystal coming in a matter of minutes.

After taking a breather, Jamie gave me a sly grin and moved toward me. While my wife started licking my cock, Crystal dove into Jamie's pussy again. Whatever Crystal was doing to Jamie had a direct effect on the blowjob Jamie was giving me. She took me in until she had every inch of me down her throat. She was doing incredible things to my cock, and I was on the verge of coming when she backed away and asked if I wanted to fuck Crystal. I hesitated briefly, wondering if this was a trick question that I would have to answer correctly or suffer the consequences. The whole idea of this night was for Jamie and me to do something special for our anniversary. But when Jamie kissed me and said, "Happy anniversary, Gil! Go for it," I quickly decided that things couldn't get any more special than this.

Crystal turned around so I could do her doggie-style. Ready to conquer new territory, I slid into Crystal's juicy snatch and started pumping away. Fucking her felt so good, I didn't even think about Jamie until she reached over and started stroking Crystal's clit. I felt Crystal's hot wet pussy tighten around my cock right before she cried out that she was coming. I was just about to lose it when Jamie pulled me toward her and said, "My turn."

Jamie was so turned on that my

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cock slid right in. It didn't take long.
I was so aroused that after what
seemed like only a few thrusts, I was
gripping her waist and blasting into
her like never before.

We were having such a wild time
that we had some food and another
bottle of champagne sent up to
our suite. The rest of the night and
the next day were spent trying out
different positions, until Crystal had
to leave.

Jamie and Crystal have kept in
touch since that incredible night, and
I have a hunch they may be planning
a similar night to celebrate my
upcoming birthday.—G.L., Texas O—

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Valerie Bertinelli

She went from spunky tomboy to stormy beauty to Mrs. Eddie Van Halen right before our eyes.



She's never done a nude scene. Or a seminude scene. Or even a swimsuit poster. Well, there is that *one* picture—the one where she's wearing a black one-piece, body in profile, bent at the waist, hair blown into a raven mane and draped over her arched back, that round angel's face staring frankly into the camera—precious little skin but loads of heat. Notice the scoop neck of her swimsuit and its tiny, defiantly sexy, not-quite-there cleavage—well, not in the caricatured way you've gotten used to thinking of it. She's everything you need in a woman's body and nothing you don't.

Between 1974 and 1976, Valerie was just a cute kid with good comic timing. Sometime between '77 and '78, everything changed for her, and by that I mean for *us*. She blossomed so quickly, so unexpectedly, that we scarcely had time to prepare for it. One day, we just found ourselves inextricably drawn into *One Day at a Time*, a sitcom about a divorced mom—Ann Romano, played by ginger-bobbed Bonnie Franklin—and her two teenage daughters, Barbara (Bertinelli) and Julie (Mackenzie Phillips). Julie, the lanky, rough-and-tumble big sister with the raspy voice, was the one who might give you a handjob in the back of your Datsun B210, but you'd be thinking of perky Barbara while she did it.

Valerie had always straddled the line between cute, spunky tomboy and stormy beauty, but by the series' third season, her 17th year on this planet, the storm had settled in for good and the tomboy was a distant memory. Flashes of cute remained, but it was a winking cute, the kind of cute that said she knew what she'd grown into, and she knew you knew, and *what were you going to do about it?* I know what I did about it, and unless you're Eddie Van Halen, it was probably the same thing you did about it. When she married the budding guitar god, she exploded our collective good-girl fantasy but replaced it with an earthier, more potent version. If our Val could tame one of the world's biggest rock stars, it could mean only one thing: She wasn't that innocent after all. **OT—**

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